

KIRCHNER NUMBER: SPECIAL COLOURED PLATE

The Sketch.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM,
AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

*N.B.—This is a **KIRCHNER NUMBER**!
That is to say, it contains a Beautiful
Picture in Colour by the Famous Artist,
RAPHAEL KIRCHNER.*



For nearly a Century

the Medical Profession have approved this as the best and safest remedy for acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion. Dinneford's Magnesia is also an aperient of unequalled value for infants, children, those of delicate constitution, and for the distressing sickness of pending motherhood.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

THE MOST EFFECTIVE APERIENT FOR
REGULAR USE BY PEOPLE OF ALL AGES

In consequence of numerous imitations, purchasers should **INSIST** on seeing the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle. Only by so doing can they be sure of obtaining this most excellent remedy.

Dinneford's Magnesia mixed with Spring Water forms a pleasant, cooling, and most beneficial drink in Hot Seasons and Climates, and also during Fever.

LASCELLES & Co.

LIMITED,

Fine-Art Photo-Mechanical Etchers & Engravers

IN

LINE, HALF-TONE, THREE-COLOUR, & PHOTOGRAVURE.

Speciality: Photogravure Etching, Both Flat and Rotary.
PROMPT SERVICE. QUALITY FIRST CLASS.

27, FLORAL STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.

Telephone: 1030 Regent.

Telegrams: "Lasciata, London."

**OLD
CALABAR
MEAT DOG BISCUITS**
ARE THE BEST STAPLE DIET.

Sample and Booklet free from

THE OLD CALABAR BISCUIT CO., LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

PUBLISHES THE

Best War Photographs and Drawings.

IT HAS CORRESPONDENTS IN ALL THE FIGHTING ZONES.

SIXPENCE EVERY FRIDAY.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

PRICE SIXPENCE; BY INLAND POST, SEVENPENCE.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

"Making sure of success"



with



Calvert's
[CARBOLIC]
Tooth Powder

THE UNIVERSAL HAIR CO

TRANSFORMATIONS in
any style 30/-,
or Extra Full of Hair

2 and 3 Guineas.

THE ONLY MEASUREMENT
REQUIRED IS THE CIRCUM-

Switches of PURE HUMAN HAIR.

16 ins. 2/9

18 ins. 3/6

20 ins. 5/-

22 ins. 7/6

24 ins. 12/6

26 ins. 15/6

28 ins. 21/-

Any Length to order.

A PATTERN OF
HAIR AND
REMITTANCE
MUST ACCOMPANY
ALL ORDERS.

NEW
PUFF CURLS
(AS SKETCH)

SOFT & DAINY EFFECT.

Price according to Size required.

4/6, 6/6, 8/6, 15/6, 21/-

For GOODS ON APPROVAL see

our ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE,

Post Free on Application



THIS EFFECTIVE
TOUPET

Price only ... 21/6

Smaller Size ... 15/6

TWISTS OF PURE

LONG HAIR (AS SKETCH)

Price according to Length

From ... 15/9

Light Grey

and

Pale Shades

Extra.

80/84, FOXBERRY ROAD, BROCKLEY, LONDON, S.E. (ESTD. 1895.)
West End Branch: No 1, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W.



MAJOR RICHARDSON'S

SENTRY DOGS (Airedales),

as supplied Army in France, 5 gns.

POLICE DOGS (Airedales),

for house and personal guards,

5 gns.; pups, 2 gns.

BLOODHOUNDS from 20 gns.;

pups, 5 gns.

ABERDEEN, SCOTCH, FOX,

IRISH TERRIERS, 5 gns.; pups,

2 gns.

GROVE END, HARROW, Tel. 423

Freemans
SOUPS OF DISTINCTION

Pure Concentrated
meat of West Indian Turtle:
rich, delicious and nourishing. Sold
in 1/- cartons, containing 6 cubes,
each sufficient for a cupful. Enjoy
this privilege of Princes at a nominal cost.
Of all Grocers.

Real Turtle

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS.

Dr.—, Newlyn, Penzance:—"I have
often wanted such a thing for my patients,
but the price has hitherto been prohibitive."
Colonel—, Sandown, Isle of Wight:—"It
is indeed a splendid idea to afford
everyone of moderate means the opportunity
of including Turtle Soup in the
menu at such a moderate cost."
Nurse—, Richmond:—"It certainly
supplies a long-felt need; patients so
quickly tire of the ordinary meat extracts."

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.



USE THIS TO PRESERVE
YOUR TEETH

Then you can, without
the expense of drugs, retain
your health and strength.
Refuse cheap substitutes,
which are always worth-
less. If you have any
difficulty in obtaining our
goods, we will supply you.

**OSCAR SUTTON & CO.,
PRESTON.**

Excepting the Government Insurance
Act, everything about our works is
BRITISH.

ESTABLISHED 25 YEARS. 12 GOLD MEDALS.

HARRY HALL

"THE" Military & Mufti Tailor & Breeches Specialist.

207, OXFORD ST., W., 149, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

'THE' HOUSE

FOR OFFICERS' SERVICE DRESS

FOR IMMEDIATE WEAR

OR TO ORDER IN 24 HOURS

BEST VALUE, ACCURACY, & FIT.

Officers' Service

JACKET from 62/-
SLACKS " 21/-
BREECHES " 25/-
GREATCOAT " 34/-
WAISTCOAT " 63/-
TRENCHCOAT " 94/6
RAINCOAT " 55/-
PUTTRES " 6/6
LEGGINGS " 25/-

ESTIMATES
FOR
SERVICE
DRESS
AND
EQUIPMENT



UNEQUALLED
VALUE, FIT, &
STYLE, FOR
SERVICE DRESS
AND MUFTI.



The Ideal

'HALLZONE'

Perfect

TRENCH COAT.

Guaranteed Wind

and Waterproof.

Interlined through-

out with Oil Silk.

From 24/14/6

MODEL COAT

Carr. Paid. Chest

measure over vest

and height.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

MUFTI SUITS & OVERCOATS from 63/-

(As sold elsewhere from 4 & 5 Gns.)

Only Maker of 'HALLZONE' Ideal 'GOLD MEDAL'

21/- RIDING BREECHES

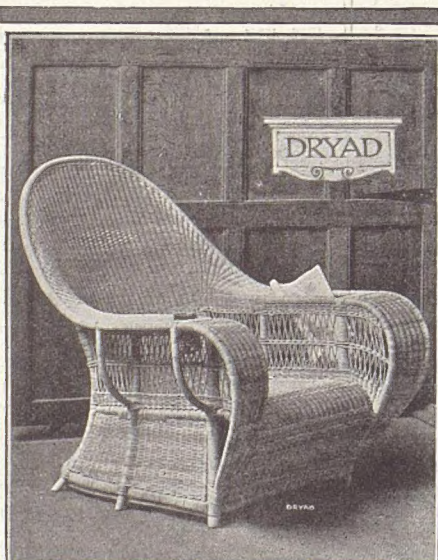
(Exact Materials as sold elsewhere for 24/3 Gns.)

Perfect Fit Guaranteed from Self-measurement Form.

VISITORS TO LONDON can leave measures for SUITS,

SERVICE DRESS,

BREECHES, &c., for future use, or order & fit same day.



The DRYAD WORKS
during the past year have
been making shell baskets,
and other war materials &
thus were unable to deliver
chairs, etc., with their usual
promptness. They can now
execute all orders as usual,
and they are also making
Invalid Furniture, such as
Carrying Chairs, Bed Rests
Self-propelling Chairs, Bed
Tables, etc., catalogues of
which will be sent free,
on application to O dept.
Dryad Cane Works, 42
St. Nicholas St., Leicester

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge,
most agreeable to take

CONSTIPATION

Hæmorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite,
Gastric and Intestinal Troubles

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

67, SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD (Corner of Castle Street), LONDON, S. E.

Sold by all Chemists. 2/9 a box

The Sketch

No. 1207—Vol. XCIII.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



EMILY: MISS GLADYS COOPER, AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

Miss Gladys Cooper is a great success in "Please Help Emily," at the Playhouse. Other portraits of her in the piece appear on our double-page in photogravure.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

THE WAR AND THE ALTAR: A BRIDE, AND BRIDES-TO-BE.

TO MARRY CAPT. T. PAVIER BRAWN :
MISS FRANCES E. M. COX.

MARRIED TO MR. H. MORTON—ON MARCH 10 : MISS
KATHLEEN BLACKWELL.

TO MARRY MAJOR J. F. BARRINGTON : MISS STELLA KUHLING.

TO MARRY CAPT. H. C. H. EDEN : MISS VIOLET PULLEINE.

TO MARRY LIEUT. W. HUGHES LYNES : MISS D. M. PHILLIPS.

TO MARRY MR. GERARD MACKWORTH YOUNG :
MISS NATALIE L. M. HELY-HUTCHINSON.

TO MARRY MR. R. F. GOSSET : THE HON. IRENE
MOLESWORTH.

Miss Frances Cox is daughter of Lieut.-Col. St. J. A. Cox, C.M.G., Royal Irish Regiment, and Mrs. Cox, of Farnham. Capt. Brawn, Prince of Wales's North Staffordshire Regiment, is son of the late Mr. George Brown and Mrs. Brown, of Sandhills, Staffordshire.—Miss Kathleen Blackwell (Mrs. H. Morton) is the grand-daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Francis Blackwell, and was married on March 10 to Mr. H. Morton, scientific engineer.—Miss Stella Kuhling is daughter of Mrs. Kuhling, North Ferriby, East Yorks. Major J. F. Barrington, R.G.A., is youngest son of the late Col. J. T. Barrington, R.A., and Mrs. Barrington, of Bray, Ireland.—Miss Pulleine is daughter of Capt. and Mrs. H. P. Pulleine, of Richmond, Yorks. Capt. H. C. H.

Eden, R.F.A., is son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Eden, of Glen Dderwen, Glamorgan.—Miss Phillips is daughter of the late Mr. Francis Melland Phillips, of Casa Devonia, Bordighera, and of Mrs. Melland Phillips, of Horsell, Surrey. Lieut. Lynes, Warwickshire Regiment, is the youngest son of Dr. J. Lynes, M.P., of Coventry.—Miss Hely-Hutchinson is the daughter of the late Right Hon. Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, and the Hon. Lady Hely-Hutchinson, St. James's Court, Buckingham Gate. Mr. Gerard Young is eldest son of Sir Mackworth and Lady Young, of Oak Lea, St. Leonard's-on-Sea.—The Hon. Irene Molesworth is daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Molesworth. Mr. R. F. Gosset, E. Yorkshire Regiment, is son of Col. Edward F. Gosset.

THE CANTEEN AND THE RED CROSS: SOCIETY WORKERS.



1. AN ORGANISER OF CANTEENS FOR MUNITION-WORKERS: LADY LAWRENCE.
2. A WORKER FOR THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY: MARCHIONESS INOUE.

Lady Lawrence has started and organised some thirty canteens for munition-workers in various areas. Before her marriage, which took place in 1907, she was known as Miss Dorothy Hobson. Her father was Inspector-General of Police, St. Vincent, West Indies, for many years. Lord Lawrence is a Major in the 11th Battalion, London Regiment.—Marchioness Inouye, wife of the Japanese Ambassador, is working for the British Red

3. IN THE EQUIPMENT STORES AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY: LADY SOPHIE SCOTT AND LADY MARY WARD.

Cross Society at Burlington House head-depot for hospital supplies, which are sent through headquarters, 83, Pall Mall. The depot is to be moved to 48, Grosvenor Square.—Lady Sophie Scott is the sister of Earl Cadogan. She married Captain Sir Samuel E. Scott, Bt., M.P. in 1896.—Lady Mary Ward is the second daughter of the Earl of Gosford, and married Captain the Hon. Arthur Ward, in 1906.—[Photographs by Kate Pragnell.]

PHYNETTE'S LETTERS.

BEAUTY AND—

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

THIS is a true story—all the stories I tell you are true, of course, but this one is particularly true.

You know that, as water flows to the river, as wealth goes to the wealthy, so do the oddest things find their way to Red Cross Sales. Things that one does not want any more—never wanted, in fact—but that other people are sure to treasure if the price is high enough. When it is not a nightie having belonged to Queen Elizabeth, or the curling-tongs of Julius Cæsar, or the best corset of Salome, it is a beautiful brute of a bulldog, all teeth and eyes out.

A man I know—a very busy man who fights shy of Stage and Society, and spends his time between work and breeding bulldogs—was exhibiting such a beast the other day when a much be-photographed, be-paragraphed, be-lauded, be-postcarded young lady went to the man and the beast, and smiled on them both her most toothsome, winsome smile. "What a beauty!" she said, beaming on the brute. "For sale? Yes?" She inquired the price, and then, beaming on the man—"And wouldn't you like to give a doggie like this to me?" she asked sweetly murmuring her name. "Well—er," said the man, "who are you?"

If the lady is still thinking of the brute, I believe it is the man she pictures up in her wrathful mind's eye.

Of course, not all people have such sublime assurance. At the Grosvenor House concert some time ago I was near the artists' room. Lady Churston, Mlle. Dorziat, Mabel Russell, and a number of other people who were doing turns confessed they were almost rigid with fright, whether at appearing in a smallish room—the ball-room at Grosvenor House is small compared to a theatre—or at making their curtsy to Queen Alexandra, I don't know.

"And smiled on them both her most toothsome, winsome smile."

Incredible as it may seem, there are actually moments when Good

Samaritanesses shun the photographers—and that is *after* they leave the buffets for soldiers and sailors where they have been helping. Oh, *before*, they let themselves be snapshotted docilely enough! It happened to Betta the other day. She was photographed as she entered the canteen, with 'cute, crisp curls, her pink skin slightly dusted with powder, and her frock immaculately fresh. Her task consisted of washing up. At the end of the two hours emerged a poor little Betta not as beautiful as usual.

The photographer was still there; but, as Betta told me with a sob in her throat, "Fortunately, he did not recognise me!"

Apropos of my last article, here is another cutting sent me which saddens me. Judge for yourselves—

"Must do without clothes.—A tailor at Penzance, Cornwall, applied for the exemption of his only remaining man, aged thirty, who made costumes for ladies.

"That is one of the luxuries," said the military representative. "Ladies must do without clothes" (!)

"Application refused."

It looks as if it's not only the fraus that will be left out in the cold! We do not all possess the long tresses of Lady Godiva to hide any deficiency in dress. And if all the men tailors are sent to



TO LONELY SOLDIERS.

the front to cut up the enemy, who is going to cut out our coats, I ask you? For it's just as impossible for a woman—however clever she is at dressmaking—to "build" a coat and skirt as it is for a man to fashion a bow out of a ribbon. It's not a question of silly sex superiority. There are things men manage better than women, and others in which they can't even imitate us. For instance, it takes a man's hand to whip a *mayonnaise*; but no man could gracefully kiss his pet rival on the cheek and say, "How lovely you look in this hat, darling!" He'd never even try. We can.

I feel full of curiosity concerning that "Military Representative." What sort of a man was he, d'you think? A stern, Spartan sort of person, a much-married male bothered by bills because of an extravagant wife, or a humorous chap with a wink in each eye and his tongue in both cheeks? Or yet a young and eager "you," the sort of "you" that sits in the very front stalls of the music-hall, almost on top of the orchestra, and stares at the music—and past it—through a lorgnette that won't come off?

I wonder?

No one buys jewellery any more now—that is to say, for one-self!—and the newest thing in brooches is a bar of platinum about two-and-a-half inches long, inset with diamonds. Sometimes there are sixteen stones in one brooch. The Army is not hard up—and it has a nice taste in presents!

He was a Major, a Staff Major—a very Staff Major. I mean by that that he knew all about the war, of course, but he had never been exactly in the thick of it—see? At least, that's what I gathered "in the light of subsequent events," as literary people say. At that moment—the moment I am telling you of—he was walking in Bond Street with his little wife. He was on leave—yes, 'twas in the golden days when one could get leave! They stopped next to me as I was mentally trying on different hats outside Froufrou and Co.'s window, and they were talking.

HE: "But, my dear, whenever I am on leave, whenever I take you out, it's the same thing—you never seem to be satisfied!"

SHE: "Well, naturally, no woman likes to be seen about town with the same old thing always!"

Mon Dieu! I thought, but she is not amiable for her poor husband! He is an old thing, it is well true, and I can understand her not liking to be seen much with him. Still, she need not tell him so to "his nose and his beard."

"Most husbands," went on the lady, "would have guessed without being told; I want a new one. I am quite ashamed to go to Lady Rose's concert with a battered-looking, out-of-shape—"

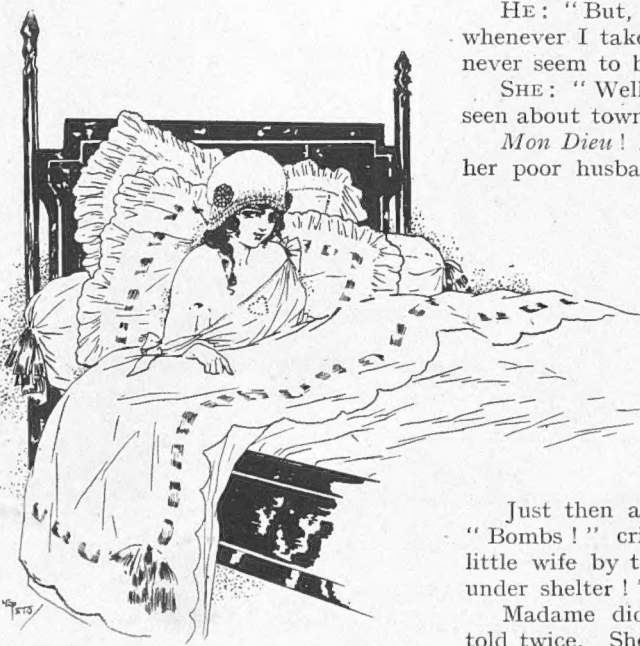
Poor old Major!—and I could have sworn he wore stays!

Just then a loud explosion made us all jump. "Bombs!" cried the Major, grabbing his cruel little wife by the arm. "Run in, darling—run in under shelter!"

Madame did not need to be pushed, or to be told twice. She ran into Froufrou and Co., and had already unpinned her hat and perched a new one on her sleek head before the poor old Major had realised that a taxi-cab tyre had burst behind us, opportunely to serve his wife's wishes—for it struck me then that possibly it was a new hat, not a new husband, the little lady had been asking for so shamelessly all the time!



"Her task consisted of washing up."



"The lazy little girls who stay in bed until luncheon."



"Or a humorous chap with a wink in each eye."

jeweller's, where they are sold in the form of tiny charms of white or khaki enamel, with the Crown in red or any other device that the Government has made its own.

The armlet that women are going to wear as outward and visible evidence of the fact that they are war-workers has already been used by dressmakers as a decorative detail for frocks. An armlet of roses accompanied an evening frock. The sleeve that is only a band of material with a frill each side worn just above the elbow, leaving the shoulder and lower arm bare, is also a sort of armlet. There is



"The dear little shamrock."

method in this armlet-madness—it is, in fact, quite a sophisticated sort of sleeve, showing the prettiest part of the arm, the rounded bit.

I'm wondering whether the lazy little girls who stay in bed until luncheon, and then eat their meal daintily undressed in a chiffony *négligé* and a saucy, lacy mob-cap, and are more concerned about their complexion than war-work, are going to captivate and capture all the nice men when they come home after the war. I am wondering whether the women who have gone to work on the land at their country's call may not be a bit out of it in those glad days! Would not it be too bad if they were to find that the "foolish virgins" who played and rested had proved to be the really wise ones, after all—worldly-wise, of course?

It depends so much on "yous," you see, on the sort of "yous" who think that women's sacrifice is splendid, but—that it must not show! Whose hand is more likely to be sought when the warrior wants a wife—the soft small one of the woman who has spared the satin of her skin, or the big, brown, blistered hand of the war-worker? Doing one's bit is not always a beautifying process. Of course, one can frivol on a farm when it is fine, and gain a clearer skin, more buoyant spirits, and a sound sleep that will counterbalance the damaging effects of London life; and one can work in earnest and achieve merit—yes, and also half a size larger in gloves, a fine fan-like design at the corner of one's eyes from facing the sun and the wind, a weatherproof face, and the potato-patch stoop! If only women were sure that it wouldn't make any difference to "yous" whether their fluffiness had flown from them under the war-wind as the seed of the dandelion; but—!

And, talking of war-work, let me tell you of two maids and a man—and his wife. They had been a comfy little *ménage*, in a comfy little house in Mayfair, with half-a-dozen servants or so to look after the *ménage* and the house. Then the war; and the master

of the little house left his practice in his partner's hands—he was a professional man—and got a commission. The big man-servant enlisted, and the mistress remained alone with her four maids in the man-less little house.

Some months later the husband—on leave—suggested gently to Molly dear that, his income being reduced rather considerably, it might perhaps be possible, by putting their heads together, to cut down expenses.

"Certainly," said Molly, with a meek little smile. "Couldn't you get used to cheaper cigars, don't you think? And I'll wear artificial flowers in future, instead of fresh ones!"

"There is a good girl," said Hubby, very much amused; "but I don't mean that sort of savings. Couldn't you, for instance, do with two or three maids instead of four? Wouldn't cook and one housemaid and your own maid do while I am away?"

"Dicky dear, I couldn't! I am willing not to have the music-room done up and re-carpeted if we are so hard up; but the maids must stay, or else this house won't be fit to receive anybody. No, Dicky dear; the maids must stay!"

Dicky did not see the need of "receiving" while he was away, but, being a wise man, he kissed Molly on her sunny hair and spoke of other things.

Then, in the course of time, two of Molly's maids went of their own choice—one to become a lift-girl, the other to sit at the entrance of a station and sell tickets. But Molly succeeded in replacing them. Two pretty and superior girls took their place. So vain was Molly of their appearance that she dressed the parlour-maid in a dove-grey frock and the fancifullest of caps and aprons. "Yous" who have seen "Betty" know what I mean. Then Dicky had another leave, and he complimented Molly on having secured "such a sweet kid of a parlour-maid." He repeated again and again, on every occasion, that he hoped those new servants would stay. "Make them a little present now and then," he suggested; "or shall I?"

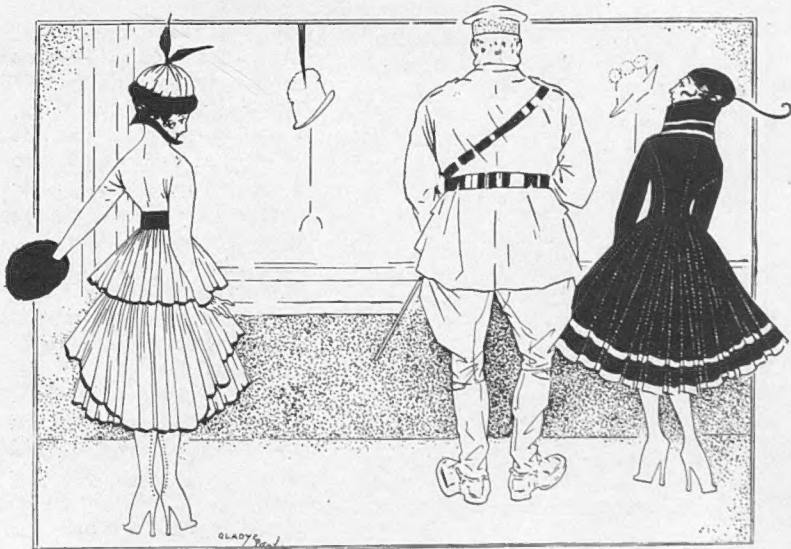
Molly said she would, but she was beginning not to feel so sure that she had chosen wisely, after all!

And one day there was Dicky's ring at the door, and the parlourmaid's light step in the hall, and—and—yes, the sound of a kiss!

Molly told Dicky that she had decided to economise—that the cook (the plainest of women, if not of cooks) and one housemaid of some forty years would suffice for the work of the house. But she grew such a sad, silent little woman that Dicky soon had to tell



"The oddest things . . . that one does not want any more."



"Most husbands . . . would have guessed . . . I want a new one."

her that he had kissed the parlourmaid very deliberately—when he was sure Molly would hear him do it—for economic reasons!

And Molly forgave him.

But this is an anecdote—not an advice!



SMALL TALK

THOUGH the Duchess of Marlborough follows the crowd to the extent of attending the first nights of the revues, she keeps other trysts as well. Just before Lent she spent an evening at the Providence Row Refuge, where Bishop Butt (instead of a Mr.) was the impresario, assisted by Sisters of Mercy, instead of a Fay Compton chorus. The Providence Row Refuge gives a bed (with a leather coverlet), soup and breakfast to any outcast of the streets, and is one of the most encouraging, as well as one of the most discouraging of sights to be found in the Metropolis. In old days, I remember, Cardinal Manning and Lady Colin Campbell were both interested in the Shelter, and now the Duchess, pretty and fresh as paint, has turned up among the derelicts, greatly to their profit, and, as she declares in a spirit of Lenten humility, to her own.

Lady Cowdray and the Others.

Lady Cowdray is deep in the work of the Star and Garter Building Fund; but next to Lady Cowdray in the list of workers come the actresses. Miss Nina Boucicault is secretary; Miss Lena Ashwell, it goes without saying, is on the committee; Lady Forbes Robertson is President; Miss Auriol Lee, Miss Janette Steer, and Miss Winifred Mayo are among her lieutenants. The rebuilding of the old hotel is to cost less money than the elaborate changes necessary under the abandoned alteration scheme; all details of comfort for the inmates have been thought out, estimated, and passed—from balconies to perambulator-beds. The paralysed always greatly dread fire, and the new beds can be wheeled out—two at a time, if necessary—by the least robust of nurses. Depend upon it that the British Women's Hospital at Richmond is going to be put through in good order, for the

women of England, from the two Queens to the most energetic and persuasive of the young professionals, have it well in hand.

The Wilton Will, and Afterwards.

When probate of the will of Isabella Countess of Wilton—or Countess Susan, as she was sometimes called—was granted to Sir Walter Trower a week or two back, it transpired that she left £12,500 in cash and £8000 in stock to her maid. Sir Walter was only one among many friends of the late Countess to congratulate the fortunate legatee. But since then people have been asking themselves if that will does not set up an uncomfortable precedent. Something, ever since, in the eyes of your maid seems to question whether you are not wholly satisfied with her services—as wholly satisfied as any departed Countess had a right to be. And if you happen to be the present Countess of Wilton, or one of the other Dowager-Countesses of Wilton, or even if you happen to be a Lady

Trower, you have particular reason for feeling just a trifle self-conscious when your pearls are being snapped on your neck or your tiara placed among your curls.

Lent, On and Off. Little luncheons, little suppers, little weddings go on as usual during Lent; the theatres are not affected. Nothing, seemingly, that touches your neighbour as well as yourself is being cut off. But the penitential season has given a real impetus to quite personal and private self-denial. The lonely man in the club is often without a cigar, the solitary man in the restaurant has no bottle at his elbow, the single shopper does not drop into Barbellion's for a cake in the middle of her morning. But in company the good resolution no longer holds: the non-smoking man produces his cigarette-case, the non-drinker orders his bottle, the cake-eaters gather in clusters round the counter. There lies the peculiarity of a Lent which you may take as seriously as you like in secret. In public you are forbidden to do anything unsociable, sociability being the standing order for 1916.

Saving on Petrol and Pictures.

Mr. McKenna has given up his motor for the duration—of Lent. Mme. Blanche Marchesi has given up most of her pictures, for ever. Last week the walls of her house in Gréville Place were dismantled, and her Johns, Wilson Steers, Conders, Sickerts, and other "moderns" offered at Christie's. The collection was famous in its own little way, and the King Street Rooms were crowded with the people who had watched the Gréville Place picture-galleries—dining-room, drawing-room, staircase, etc.—grow more crowded with good things year by year. Conder's "Pepita" fetched 230 guineas— isn't Pepita one of the pictures in which Baroness A. de Meyer figures?—and a Conder fan was knocked



RESTING AFTER HER EXPERIENCES IN SERBIA :
LADY MURIEL HERBERT.

Lady Muriel Herbert is on her way to India, where she will visit her brother, the Earl of Pembroke, and take a well-earned rest after her experiences as a nurse in Serbia and Salonika for more than a year. Lady Muriel lost all her belongings in Serbia, and also her baggage which was shipped to India in the "Maloja."—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]

down for twenty-five to Sir Alfred Mond, who also speculated in John drawings. Thus one person's retrenchment (at Christie's) spells expenditure for another.

"— of Milo." Lord Talbot de Malahide's only son, Mr. James Boswell Talbot, has decided to sell his books. They will make a great stir, and great prices. Several bear the signature of "James Boswell," and one is a presentation copy to the author of the "Life" from the Doctor himself. Mr. Talbot, of course, is called after Bozzy; but where his uncle came by the name of Milo we know not. In 1911 that uncle married Miss Eva Joicey—and the inevitable *mots* were showered on the blushing bride. Which recalls, by the way, the American girl who, looking at the statue for the first time, exclaimed "If that's Venus, excuse me!" "Of Milo" would have been no compliment in her ears.



WORKING FOR THE Y.M.C.A. AT ROUEN
LADY RODNEY.

Lady Rodney, who is the widow of the seventh Baron Rodney, whom she married, as his second wife, in 1903, has been assisting in the working of one of the largest of the Y.M.C.A. "Dogs and Cats" Huts on the Continent, at Rouen, the funds for which are supplied by lovers of these animals.—[Photograph by Russell.]



A WORKER FOR THE COMING GENERATION :
LADY SYDENHAM.

Lady Sydenham, who is a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England, is the wife of the first Baron Sydenham, and is doing good work in helping the Women's League of Service. Lady Sydenham and her friends have served nearly 50,000 dinners, to some 800 mothers, at the headquarters of the League.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

A "BLACKLEG" (LITERALLY, ONLY!): A COWHAM KID.



WITH THE REGULATION BLACK LEGS, BUT MORE NEATLY TURNED THAN THE TOYSHOP VARIETY:
MISS MABEL RUSSELL AS A "COWHAM KID," IN "SAMPLES," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Miss Mabel Russell, who recently joined the cast of "Samples," the revue at the Vaudeville, appears in it, among other characters, as one of the familiar dolls, with long, black legs, known after their creator, Miss Hilda Cowham, as "Cowham Kids." If all samples of the species possessed the attractions of their impersonator, it is to be surmised that their sphere of influence would not be restricted to the nursery.

Miss Mabel Russell, who had previously played in many a musical comedy, shortly before the war began turned her attention to drama, and made a great hit as Agnes Lynch, a Cockney thief, in "Within the Law," produced at the Haymarket, in May 1913. Last summer, reverting to musical comedy, she took the part of Claire in "Mam'selle Tralala," at the Lyric.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").

The Ingenuous Hun.

The Germans consider us a very subtle race. I wonder if we are? Look around. Can you see any evidence of subtlety? Frankly, I do not. I see a nation with a number of ropes tied to its head, and a number of people pulling at these ropes. First one gives a tug, then another, then a third. And round we go, responsive to the hardest pull. There is nothing very subtle in that.

So much for our politics. Is our literature subtle? I don't see it. Meredith is gone; Henry James is gone. They were subtle men, and they were not national idols. The men who have something of immediate importance to say, such as Kipling, Wells, Arnold Bennett, and a few others, take jolly good care to say it in plain language. They want to be understood of the people, and they know that the people are not subtle-minded.

Yet the Germans consider us subtle. This is a tribute to Sir Edward Grey. Party politics do not exist for this journal, especially in time of war—when they should not exist at all—so I may say that Sir Edward Grey has impressed the Hun with his ability as a diplomatist. We all reap the kudos. We are all as subtle as Sir Edward Grey in the mind of the Hun. That is a gratifying thing.

If we have any pretence at all to subtlety, I cannot credit the Germans with the same quality. Throughout this war, up to the present, they have shown themselves a most ingenuous people. And they are never so wholly and delightfully ingenuous as when telling us, in impassioned phrases, what they really had intended to do.

"Hindenburg's March." Bernhardi began it. Read his book to-day all over again, and you will chuckle. But a chuckle is nothing much. In time of war you want to laugh outright, and the book to make you laugh outright is "Hindenburg's March Into London." Somebody has lent me a copy, and I spent a most exhilarating evening with it. I don't say the book is for everybody. If you live in hourly or daily or nightly dread of invasion, I would not recommend it. But if you have the splendid confidence in the British Navy and the British forces for Home Defence that you should have, seeing how well the Army and Navy have acquitted themselves in this war, you will enjoy the book.

Germany is pictured as "young Michael" and England as "old England." "Young Michael," it appears, "missed the opportunity for many relations which can only be opened in drawing-rooms when smoking a good cigar." (Sir Edward Grey, I presume, never enters a drawing-room unless he is smoking a good cigar.) "Young Michael," again, was "full of worthy simplicity and blissful trustfulness." "With his large blue eyes"—which I have never observed, always considering them rather small—he "failed to see that Bismarck was now out of date."

After a contemptuous reference to the "Russian bear," who is supposed by the author to be "bleeding from nose and ears, and all four paws," we are taken for a thrilling journey! And at such a speed! Whither do you suppose? You would never guess. It is all so rapid, so breakneck!

We are taken "With the Eastern Army to Calais"! You know how they swooped down on Calais, don't you?

"Hindenburg's Million Army."

This army of invasion, you see, was to march in "seven-league boots." You remember the giant in "Hop-o'-My-Thumb"? You remember the picture of this awful giant striding over steeples, and villages, and rivers, and towns in his seven-leagued boots? Well, that is precisely the way the Hun went—according to our author—to Calais and London.

Here are a few delightful touches—

"The advance in the West will now be impetuous."

"On the chalk cliffs of Dover the German cry of jubilation shall resound."

"To many a man of the Landsturm hard nights of war have added a few wrinkles."

"All are in process of moulding their future according to their plans."

"A great swarm of Zeppelins, of whose size even German soldiers

did not venture to dream, travelled one foggy morning to the West Coast of England and sought out the British Navy. With a thousand bombs fifty full hits were made." (Isn't that rather above the average for Zeppelin marksmen?) "Explosions completed the work of destruction. Almost at the same time a gigantic fleet of submarines broke into the British naval harbour"—you know how these submarines batter their way through things!—"and completed the work."

"The performances of Belgian blackguards."

They tell me that no good Hun goes to sleep without a copy of this book under his pillow. I wonder if we should all go mad over a book that described the capture of Berlin?

A Lost Actor. "Colonel Churchill," says the *Daily News*, "has an unrivalled sense of the theatre."

I ventured to point this out some time ago, and I predicted a great career for the gallant Colonel if only he would abandon politics—which he has since in part abandoned—and take to the boards. We cannot, of course, have too many soldiers at the present moment, and I would not lure Colonel Churchill away from France on any account. But, when the war is over, he should consider very seriously the rival allurements of the theatre and the House of Commons.

Personally, I place the theatre far above politics. I, in my foolishness, consider that a great actor, such as Sir Henry Irving, has, ultimately, a deeper influence on the race than any Prime Minister—always supposing that he produces worthy plays. A politician, after all, is a utilitarian person. He is for the moment; an administrator, a superior clerk. He is not an educationalist. He may provide means for the better education of the people; but is that to be compared with the inspiring, vitalising, mental, and emotional energy instilled into an audience by a great actor in a great play? You cannot believe it.

Winston Churchill would be a great actor, and he would discover, to his joy, that there is only one party in the theatre that matters—the party for Artistic and Intellectual Advancement. He would start at the top, and it would be the chance of somebody's lifetime to write his first play.

However, this theme requires space.



THE HONOURABLE BABY AND HER PETS: MISS DORIS STOCKER—
WITH TWO LUCKY DOGS.

Miss Doris Stocker, a well-known member of the Gaiety company, has been in the cast of "To-night's the Night!" from the commencement. Her part is that of the Hon. Baby Vereker, one of the guests at the Carraways.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK: A PAGE OF CURIOSITIES.



WAR-FASHIONS IN MILLINERY: A NEW CHAPEAU BUILT ON THE LINES OF THE FRENCH HELMET.



"THE ARCH-HUN AND HIS ADMIRALISSIMO ASSISTANT" MASQUERADERS ABOARD A BRITISH WAR-SHIP.



TOE-DANCING ON THE ICE: A SPECIAL PAIR OF TOE-SKATES ON A SPECIAL PAIR OF LEGS.



A MASK OF PEACE RESEMBLING A MASK OF WAR: WELDING TRAM-RAILS BY INTENSE ELECTRIC HEAT.

Woman has not only displayed wonderful patriotism in undertaking all sorts of war-work to help on the good cause; she also reflects the prevailing mood of the nation in her dress. The hat here illustrated is a replica of the French helmet, and is made in the same steel-blue colour.—While ever on the alert, the Navy is not always in solemn mood. A naval officer sends us this photograph "of the Arch-Hun and his Admiralissimo Assistant," adding that "such 'stunts' as this help to keep us cheery."—The third

photograph shows an American invention known as Dazie's toe-skates, the object being, it is stated, "to enable dancers to do stunts on ice." We should like to see them in operation.—The masked man, who rather resembles a modern soldier in an anti-gas respirator, is an American workman welding tram-rails by a high-power electric current. The intense light and heat, which melts the steel, necessitates the wearing of a mask to protect the eyes.—[Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations, Bain, and Fleet Agency.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THAT which nobody else has been able to do, Mrs. Wharton has done: she has made a really interesting charity book. Not only has she roped in the celebrities, but has stimulated them to something more than the usual pitch of charity performance. Her friend Rodin has contributed one of the most enigmatic of his sketches; her friend Sargent has contributed excellent portraits; her friend Bakst is frantically Russian at her behest; Paul Claudel's poem is one of the finest he has written; and everybody else has managed to be brilliant, or smart, in the good cause espoused by one of the most brilliant, and smart, of American women. Joffre and Roosevelt both do their "bit" for Mrs. Wharton's book. Roosevelt is her particular admirer; so, too, was Henry James, who wrote, only just before his death, his extraordinarily involved impressions of a hospital ward for publication in his friend's volume. The profits from "The Book of the Homeless"—and they are already very considerable—go for the most part to the Children of Flanders Rescue Committee, which was started when Mrs. Wharton found herself in charge of two hundred and sixty small children, and saw crowds more on the horizon. Before they poured in she had made her preparations: six hundred and fifty are now being entertained. But the horizon is still crowded.



AN EARL'S DAUGHTER WORKING FOR THE WAR: LADY FRANCES RYDER.

Lady Frances Ryder is the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Harrowby. Lady Frances did valuable work as a nurse at a military hospital, and was afterwards commandant of a Red Cross hospital. Her brother, Viscount Sandon, was wounded last year.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

unfortunate creatures of Max's pencil. And pride, especially pride on a rather wobbly pedestal, goeth before a fall.



SOME WAR-WORKERS IN IRELAND: A WATERFORD COMMITTEE.

Our photograph shows the Committee of the Waterford Branch of the Irish War Hospital Supply Depot, where all kinds of bandages and dressings are made. The Marchioness of Waterford is President of the Central Depot in Dublin, and also of the Waterford Branch, of which Mrs. H. Ridway is Hon. Secretary. Our photograph shows (from left to right)—Back Row (Standing): Mrs. Gallwey, Mrs. Broomhead, Mrs. Ford, Miss Fleming; Sitting: Mrs. H. Ridway, Lady Waterford, and Mrs. Herbert Goff, wife of Captain Herbert Goff, heir to Sir William Goff Davis-Goff, Bt., of Glenville, Waterford.

Photograph by Poole, Waterford.

Two Portions for Three.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the new heir-presumptive to the Leinster dukedom, was wounded last August. His brother had been twice wounded before he was killed the other day in France. Their appearances in the Casualty and Honours Lists have been more than



WAR-WORKER AND BREEDER OF SHETLANDS: VISCOUNTESS POWERSCOURT.

Lady Powerscourt, who is seen in our photograph with two of her pretty Shetland ponies, is President of the County Wicklow branch of the Red Cross Society, and is a very energetic worker on behalf of our troops. Lord Powerscourt, who is a Lieutenant in the Irish Guards, was invalided home from the Dardanelles. Lady Powerscourt is a daughter of the late Mr. Walter Pleydell-Bouverie, and grand-daughter of the late Right Hon. Edward Pleydell-Bouverie, P.C.—[Photograph by Poole, Waterford.]

sufficient for any two men; indeed, they may be said to have done their brother's share of work as well as their own—their brother being the Duke of Leinster and the less able-bodied member of the family.

Slung Up.

What with visits to Egypt, Africa, and Australia, undertaken in obedience to doctor's orders, combined with his obligations in Ireland, the Duke of Leinster is very little known in London. I believe he is more or less committed by the terms of his father's will to spend the greater part of the year in Ireland, and when he does break away he has to find a place in the sun instead of a place at Murray's, or Romano's, or Ciro's, or at any of those other haunts of his more towny younger brother. Lord Edward married Miss May Etheridge, and a small son has helped to pass the time during the somewhat irksome period of recovery from a painful wound in the arm.

No Special Attentions.

The Hon.
Angela
Manners,

who is gazetted as the recipient of the Royal Red Cross, had a long bout of work in Flanders during the most difficult period. From August to November 1914, a time of chaos, she was especially active. One meets her in the pages of Millicent Duchess of Sutherland's little book of early war adventures—how long ago that seems before the marriage of the Duchess with Major Fitzgerald; before the engagement, too, of Miss Nellie Hozier, another of the early arrivals in Flanders, to Colonel Romilly! Most people seem to have been married, or marred, since those days; Miss Manners herself has lost a brother; but she has preserved the title of 'Sister' against all persuasions. I am told the chances of winning a wife in hospital are very small. The girl who keeps every "case" going with a smile has no time for the engrossing individualism or egoism of the incipient lover.



A WORKER AT THE RED CROSS CENTRAL DEPOT: LADY ARBUTHNOT LANE.

Lady Arbuthnot Lane, who is in charge of the bandage work-rooms at the central depot of the Red Cross, at Burlington House, Piccadilly, is the wife of Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, Bt., M.S., F.R.C.S., Surgeon to Guy's Hospital and Lieut.-Colonel, R.A.M.C.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

AN EX-LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND TAKES THE FLOOR.



At Palm Beach: Lord Aberdeen, who is Touring the United States for the Red Cross, Dancing on the Piazza of "The Breakers."

Lord and Lady Aberdeen are at present in America, where they are making a tour in the interests of the British Red Cross Fund. Our photograph, taken at Palm Beach, the famous southern winter resort on the coast of Florida, shows the Marquess dancing with a lady well known in New York Society. Lord Aberdeen, it will be remembered, was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland (for the second time) from 1905 until

February of last year. He has also held, among other high positions, those of Governor-General of Canada, Lord-Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire and President of its Territorial Force Association, and Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. At the Coronation he bore the Standard of the Dominion of Canada.—[Photograph by Topical.

ZEPPELINITIES.



"JUST LIKE AN AEROPLANE"



"NOT A BIT LIKE IT ZEPPS ROAR!"



"NO ROAR
ABOUT IT.
THUD-THUD!"



NEVER THUD
HUM LIKE THOUSANDS OF BEES"



"YOU PROBABLY DON'T HEAR ANYTHING. DROP BOMBS BEFORE YOU KNOW."



A WALLIS
MILLS

?!

WHAT SORT OF A NOISE DOES A ZEPPELIN MAKE? AIRY NOTES AND EAR-Y QUERIES.

DRAWN BY A. WALLIS MILLS.

THE L.C.J. A GRANDFATHER: HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.



PRESENTER OF A SON TO HER HUSBAND: THE HON. MRS. GERALD RUFUS ISAACS.

The Hon. Mrs. Gerald Rufus Isaacs has presented her husband with a son; and so has made Lord Reading, the Lord Chief Justice, a grandfather. Mr. Gerald Isaacs, who holds a commission in the Inns of Court O.T.C., was born in January 1889, and

was called to the Bar, at the Middle Temple, in 1912. Last year, he married Miss Eva Violet Mond, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Alfred Moritz Mond, P.C., M.P., first Baronet. Mrs. Isaacs was born in 1895.—[*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*]



"Poor old boy, is it feeling humpy, then?"

"Put away that old paper, and let me give you one of my own Kenilworth Cigarettes. You can't be feeling humpy and smoking a Kenilworth at the same time."

*Kenilworths are the most soothing
and seductive Cigarettes imaginable*



No other cigarettes are quite like them. They are made of mellow golden Virginia leaf in an entirely new way. The long fine strands of tobacco are drawn out straight as a girl brushes her hair, and laid carefully side by side so that the cigarette smokes evenly throughout.

You have only to open a Kenilworth

to see how beautifully it is made. You have only to smoke a Kenilworth to see how much more pleasure it gives you than ordinary Virginias.

You will find that Kenilworth Cigarettes compare favourably with the most expensive brands you can buy in Bond Street, and yet they only cost 1/- for 20. All good tobacconists keep them.

PRICES.—1/- for 20, 2/4 for 50, 4/8 for 100. If your Tobacconist does not stock them, send his name and address and 1/- in stamps for sample box post free.

FOR THE FRONT.—We will post Kenilworth Cigarettes to Soldiers or Sailors abroad specially packed in airtight tins of 50 at 2/6 per 100, duty free. Postage 1/- for 200 to 300; 1/4 up to 900. Minimum order 200. Order through your tobacconist or send remittance direct to us.

Postal Address: 10, Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool.

COPE BROS. & CO., LTD., LIVERPOOL & LONDON

Manufacturers of High Class Cigarettes

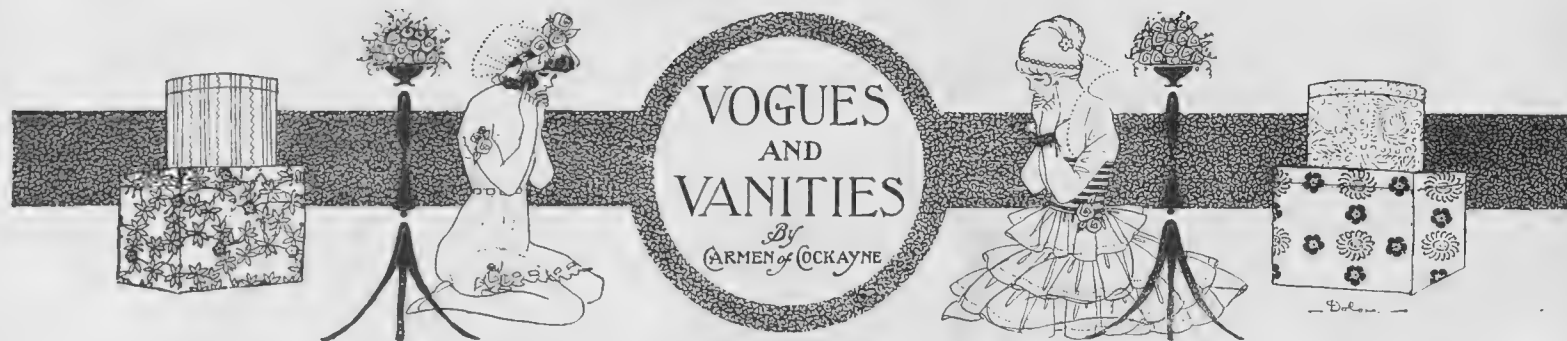
HOOTERS AND HEADLIGHTS.



THE FIELD-MOUSE: Don't you touch us, or I'll report you for over-lighting!

—(N.B.—No report has yet come to hand.—HOME OFFICE.)

DRAWN BY HARRY-ROUNTREE.



Concerning Trifles.

Trifles are important things in life. In dress they are all-important. A quarter of an inch added to the nose of Cleopatra, and the history of the world, it is admitted, might have been wholly different. Antony would not have fallen in love with her, forgetting ambition and Empire and the dusty politics of Rome far away. But it is certain that the prettiest face in the world will not be noticed unless it tops a well-gowned figure, and we may conclude that the Serpent of Old Nile owed a good deal to her dressmaker as well as to Dame Nature. Dress is not a trifle—to the woman at least; but the art of dressing is really the art of paying due attention to trifles.



East meets West in this Japanese parasol of black-and-white striped silk.

take full advantage of them, and you will not succeed in giving that impression of inevitability which is the perfection of real dressiness. You will be like an unfinished bust by a master, stately but lifeless. Exaggerate the et-ceteras, get them wrong in taste or feeling, too prominent or too *outré*, and you only escape frumpishness to come to grief on theatricality.

Where Economy Does Not Pay.

Nowhere is the importance of the apparently unimportant more emphasised than in dress—in woman's dress, at any rate, where the part is not infrequently of greater value than the whole. In the set of a single gather, the slope of the collar, or the turn of a cuff may lie all the difference between being really well dressed and merely covered; and never has the fact of the supreme importance of detail been better illustrated than in woman's dress at the present time. The uninitiated may jeer, but your woman with an in-born sense of correctness in dress grudges none of the time spent in careful consideration of every little point, by which means alone the perfect *tout ensemble* can be obtained: for if clothes do not make the woman, they can, and do very often, mar her; and to economise in the small et-ceteras which are essential to the modish well-being is the most unprofitable form of thrift.

Importance of the Et-Cetera.

Due, but not more than due, is a note about

the et-cetera, for that is where smartness comes in. Neglect the little et-ceteras altogether, or fail to

The Vital Trifle.

Dolores gives some aspects of the vital trifle on this page. Like Michael Angelo's "touches,"

they help to make the perfection which is no trifle. There is, for instance, the hand-bag. Last year, when the pocket came into being once more, its very existence seemed threatened. But the pocket that bulges is an unsightly object; and in these strenuous days, when the arduous duties of sandwich-cutting and coffee-serving, and canteen work generally, not to mention other and more strenuous duties, necessitate repeated recourse to the powder-puff and the mirror and other aids to beauty, the vanity-bag becomes a very necessary adjunct, though the pocket remains as a hint that in the person of the wearer beauty marches with practicality. The favourite bag is of silk, and as a graceful tribute to the men at the front some charming examples are carried out in regimental colours. Such bags are shaped like haversacks, with various buckles to add a further touch of realism, and



The height of the pink of stole-end neck pink perfection and it too is this band of flesh-tulle.

the badge of the corps by way of a clasp. Others, more fanciful both in design and material, are ornamented with jade rings for luck, and gay little bunches of flowers for

frivolity, and are, in fact, as irresponsible and as charming accessories as ever delighted the heart of woman—a statement the truth of which is illustrated on this page.

The Collar Compromise.

In any well-planned scheme of dress the collar is of paramount importance. Last year it rose to unprecedented eminence, threatening even to hide the face of the wearer from the face of an admiring world. But there are limits even to women's submissiveness to the tyranny of fashion, and this year a compromise has been arrived at. While it points an upward way at the back and at either side, the collar remains open in front, the intervening space across the neck being frequently bridged by a couple of narrow bands of silk or velvet fastened by fancy studs. A fanciful novelty in neck-wear illustrated here is the stole-end collar. Made of tulle or ribbon, or chiffon or lace, it fastens close and high round the throat, and is provided with long, fluttering ends reaching to the waist or below it.

"All is vanity," said the preacher, but that was before the days of the vanity-bag, whose utility none will deny.



vet fastened by fancy studs. A fanciful novelty in neck-wear illustrated here is the stole-end collar. Made of tulle or ribbon, or chiffon or lace, it fastens close and high round the throat, and is provided with long, fluttering ends reaching to the waist or below it.

VERY LOW WATER.



THE NEW DRAFT IN EGYPT (*having taken his first stroll into the desert, three miles from barracks*): Lummy, George!
The tide 'aint 'arf gone out, 'as it?

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

Phillip in Particular. V.—The Red-Tape Strafer.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

PHILLIP calmly took his ear from the telephone, leaving the engine running free, so to speak. The gargling and futile voice of the man at the other end of the wire could be heard desecrating the icy morning air.

"The fellow of blood and iron at the other end of this talking trick," said Phillip dispassionately, "is the most determined and ruthless of his species."

The Lieutenant, trying to sit on the stove and write memos at the table with the same movement, asked—

"That the red-tape *straffer* of the Nth Brigade once more? How he does want to reform us?"

The thin and disembodied gargle from the receiver appeared to detonate. Phillip smiled at it kindly.

"Listen to the lad," he said admiringly. "Don't he put artistry into it? And to think he is doing it all for our good! Well, well, war is war."

The Lieutenant yawned a little. It was six in the morning, and he had been working since ten the night before. Also the efforts of the Ironside of Nth Brigade were losing point. He rang up every morning at six to tell them how they hadn't done their work, and to impress upon them the necessity for shedding their easy and luxurious (Staff) lives for the ardours and blessings of labour. As the Lieutenant and Phillip and the rest of H.Q. happened to be working a sixteen to twenty hour day, the humour of the point, once so sparkling and jolly, had begun to dull. The Lieutenant went back to memos. The thin voice spat and gargled from its neglected receiver.

"He'll short-circuit that jigger in half a shake," the Lieutenant said calmly, without looking up. "What does he think heaven, H.Q., and the nation should know, now? 'What a Young Headquarters Should Know,' by Captain Flick, Adjutant, 18th Bucklersbury Regt., Nth Brigade. Topping title for a book, eh?"

"Banned by the libraries," said Phillip. "His manner of expressing his thoughts is terse but meaty. Oh—about? I think it is about reserve 'pull-throughs.' They are a decimal or something on the wrong side of stores indent. And he has memoed us. And nothing has happened." ("Optimist. Did he expect anything would?" from the Lieutenant.) "And he thinks the C-in-C. should know."

The gargling eased a trifle. It became almost plaintive.

"I think the first rush has been stemmed," considered Phillip. He picked up the receiver. "Are you there?" he called. The instrument seemed to go off bang. Phillip's face was calm.

"What the brimstone," bellowed a thick voice across the wire, "what the vinegar and gall do you think you are doing? Here am I with no time to spare—"

"That you, Captain Flick?" answered Phillip cheerily. "So glad you didn't give up the struggle. What happened to us?"

"Happened—happened!" howled the enraged voice. "Happened be scorified! Nothing has happened save your criminal carelessness, Sir. And let me tell you, Sir, that your methods of business are fatal, Sir. Fatal to—to a fatal degree. Young, irresponsible, inefficient cubs, Sir, trying to run a most delicate and intricate business. . . ."

Phillip put down the 'phone for a moment.

"His manner is certainly full of body," he said amiably. "There are even moments when I almost think he might be damned offensive."

He lifted the receiver.

"You had got as far as inefficient cubs, Sir," he called mildly. "Would you mind repeating? I should hate not to get your instructions fully."

"Brrr-umph!" said the voice. There followed a period of "straight talk" from the other end. Captain Flick had solid views about Staff-work, especially about the work of Staff juniors; he expressed himself, as he did every morning, violently and at length. Captain Flick was one of your Great Reforming Forces—he was all over reforming, he did not spare himself. He gave of everything that was in his soul. The performance was pretty ghastly. To anybody save Phillip that heart-to-heart talk would have tailed off into an armed, vitriolic, and wordy battle. Phillip was not like that. Phillip was kind—almost too kind. But when he "hung up" there was a reflective light in his mild and cherubic eye.

"That feller," he said speculatively, "that feller overdoes things. He has gone beyond the point when I laugh at his drollery. If he isn't curbed—why, he'll get so proud that Mummy won't be able to hold him when he goes home. For his own good—"

Julie came in at this moment with the coffee.

Julie had made a habit of coming in during the first chill hours of the morning with coffee—a lot of coffee with a lot of good heat in it. Julie was the daughter of the billets, so to speak. Julie lived in those rooms which H.Q. did not want, with her mother, and there were many servants. . . . But Julie always came in with the coffee. It was the charity of her pretty little heart, no doubt—and, perhaps, it was Phillip too. Phillip in his beautiful and marvellous clothes, and his air of fearful babyhood, and his blue, innocent eyes, and his adolescent moustache . . . Julies who were *chic* and pretty somehow always remembered how great a virtue was charity when Phillip was about. . . .

So Julie came in with the coffee. And Phillip, instead of greeting her with his usual early morning (and coffee) rapture, gazed at her suddenly, as though he were a young man seeing visions. Then he looked at the 'phone, and back at Julie. And he smiled, deeply.

"Julie," he said superbly, "you are a joy and inspiration. You are also the balm of man. You have come to me at a most trying time. . . . I have been talking to a whale—a very cross whale, with a Staff-officer Jonah in—in the place where whales keep Jonahs. Your presence soothes. The whale was very robust. Ah, and if you had only been here to mollify him. A little feminine society—it would have made a new feller of Flick. . . ."

The Lieutenant looked narrowly at Phillip. He wondered. . . . You see, he knew Phillip. But he did not worry. The coffee was good.

The Lieutenant forgot this curious incident all day. Though Phillip had shown a tendency to quietness picked out with smiles. At six o'clock the next morning he remembered. But only because Phillip caused him to remember.

The 'phone buzzed violently. The receiver gave off harsh and gargling sounds of anger. And Phillip said into it—

"Hello. Hel-lo. Is it that anybody wishes somethin'—bad?"

The Lieutenant gulped. "What the blazes?" he growled. And he stared at Phillip awe-struck. Phillip was answering the 'phone in a delicate, mincing falsetto—the voice, almost, of a woman. The Lieutenant heard the 'phone gargle—ah, but with such an ingratiating gargle.

"Mais non . . . non, non, non," said Phillip deliciously. "But it is not I who am a Lieutenant. Oh, no-o. Not me. Me—I am Julie."

The voice at the other end gave a wriggle—a sort of prelude to pleasure. "And who is this little Julie?" it said coyly.

Phillip winked across at the amazed Lieutenant.

"Oh, Julie—you know. The *châtelaine* here, with my mother." With an air of wisdom. "I am cleaning. It is so—so dir-ty."

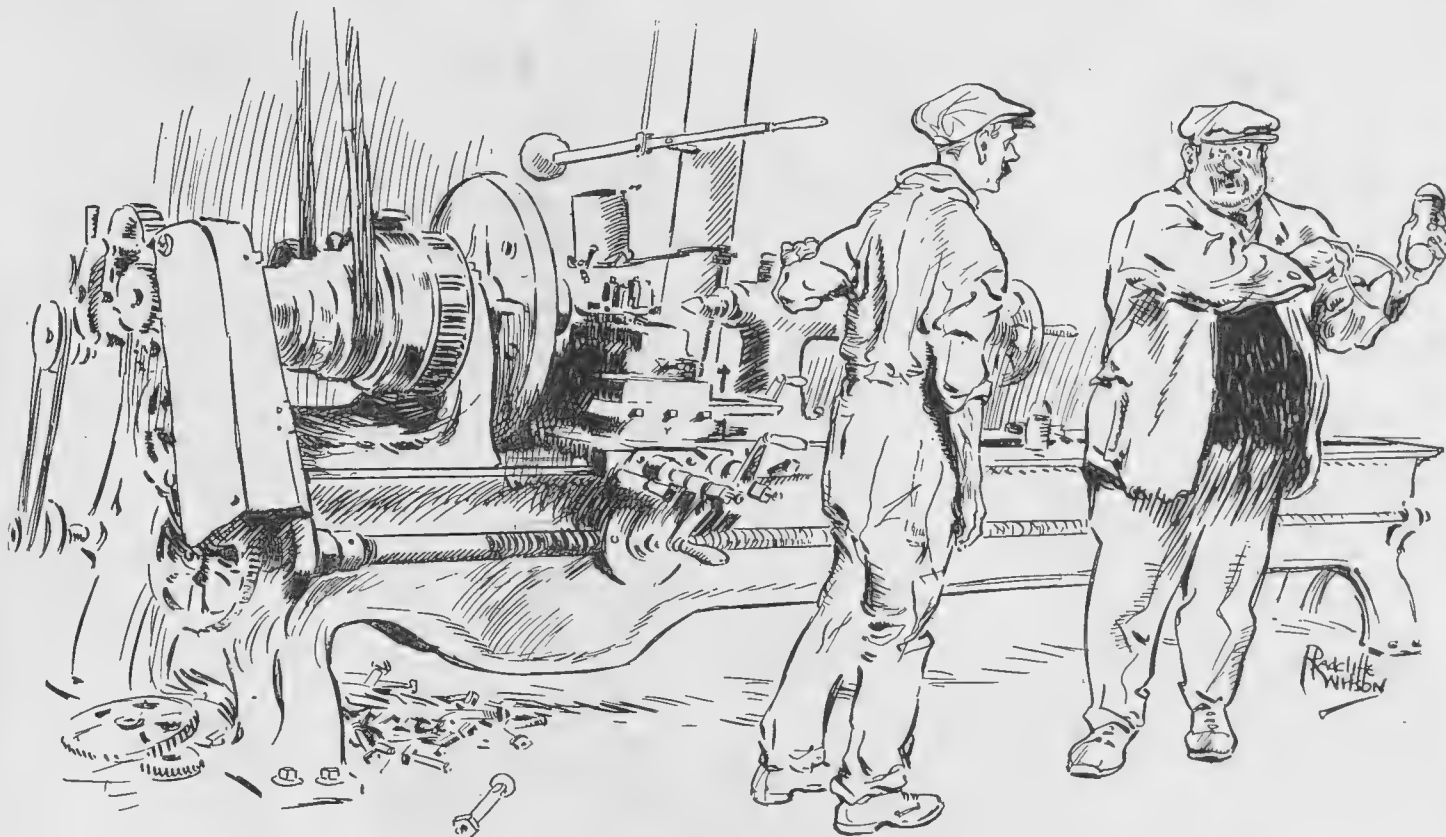
[Continued overleaf.]



WIFE OF MAJOR PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT: PRINCESS ARTHUR—A NEW PORTRAIT.

Photograph by S. and G.

CARRYING ON.



THE MUNITION-WORKER (to foreman who has found fault with his work): Seems to me it ain't a turner you want on this job.
It's a bloomin' sculptor!

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON.



THE AMIABLE OLD IDIOT: An' ter think I buried three 'usbands, and not one of 'em ever went out of the country—an' your 'usband's in France already. Well, well, they do git about, some of 'em!

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.



THE WIFE: I say, Tom, when your group's called up you'll remember these jolly Sunday morning walks—eh? [He will!]

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.

"Oh, vilely," said the coy voice. "I know those Staff people. What a shame, M'selle Julie, that you must do it. . . ."

"O-oh, but I only superintend. I gif th' orders, as you say. An' listen to the—'phoon. Is that righ'?"

"It's beautiful," said the distant, flirtatious voice. "It is the only way to say 'phoon. It couldn't be said more daintily—it couldn't. . . ."

Phillip laughed. The Lieutenant nearly fell on to the stove at that laugh. It was a marvellous laugh—so bird-like, so bell-like, so delicate, so coquettish, so feminine. Phillip, he realised, was an artist.

"O-oh, you English Colonels," said Phillip softly into the mouth-piece. "You aare all th' same. So—so naughtee." (The Lieutenant *did* fall on to the stove.) "You aare—we-kid. I see I must call to you a *Lieutenant*."

"Never!" said the flirtatious voice. "Never—you must not be cruel. You can superintend from the tele-*phoon*—oh, yes. Why not talk to me as well? You can't imagine—oh, really, you can't imagine, how—how splendid, and—and delicious your voice is to a man in the trenches. In the front line of the trenches, with Germans and mud and death all about him." ("Liar," said Phillip softly to the Lieutenant. "How dare he snare a maiden's heart with such deceit?") "If you are kind of heart, dear Julie—"

"Well, then, since you are one of those so brave ones—for a minueete, yes," replied Phillip dulcetly. "But only a minueete. They will be back in—ten minueets from now. You see, we aare only allowed to come here from six o'clock. An' only to come for fifteen minueets then. It is all they can spare—in spite of so much of the dirt. They say it is the only time that there is so little to do—no messages on the 'phoon, no orderlies, nussing."

"How lucky I am!" said the tender voice across the 'phone. "You see, they did not tell you the truth. I always ring up at six o'clock—always. I never miss—and so I am lucky."

"A—ah, but no, they did not forget—p'raps. Aare you the one man, then, that alway' ring up? If that is you, then they say you are the man who not matter a dam! Is that you, an' what is a 'dam'?"

The 'phone choked a little. The Lieutenant choked a lot. Phillip smiled sadly and kindly, and went on listening and speaking.

"A 'dam' is not a thing they should have said before so pretty a little girl," said Captain Flick bravely and adoringly. "It is also a term meaning that they feel they have not brains enough to talk to me." ("Well, that ain't bad," thought Phillip.) "But still, since that is their reason for being out of the room, it is more to my pleasure. I will talk to you instead, M'selle Julie. I will spend my days thinking of talking to you. If you come in at six, exactly at six, and I always ring up at six—well, little Julie, I shall spend all my time while I am crouching under German bullets—oh, and shells—thinking of six o'clock. . . ."

There was a lot more talk, tender talk. Phillip kept it up brilliantly. When he "hung up" again he had an appointment for a ten-minute talk each morning at six o'clock—at least, Julie had an appointment.

"Phillip," said the Lieutenant, when he had pulled himself together. "Phillip, what evil and horrible design have you on that man's soul? What torments are being prepared for unsuspecting Flick? And what about Julie?"

Phillip was smiling, but bland. "The feminine influence is a great softener of hearts," he said reflectively. "It even sweetens strong, reforming men. It even sweetens 'em too much, perhaps. But strong, reforming minds are like that. They swing to extremes. To hear the robust Flick being tenderly, adoringly, idiotically coy was heart-rending. He can be coyer than any man. And it is sticky—you can't imagine how terribly sticky it is. . . . Oh, Julie, I don't think Julie will come into it."

And though the red-tape *straffer* rang up on the two following mornings, Julie did not come into it. True, he spoke ten-minutely and fervently to someone he called Julie, but ever it was Phillip who replied. And as Phillip had said, he was a prince amongst the coy. He made ground rapidly. His tenderness became almost alarmingly saccharine (though his communiqués to H.Q. delivered over the same 'phone an hour later—as though this was his first

time of using the 'phone o' mornings—lost nothing in regularity, power and body). The love-tone in his voice became more glowing.

"He ripens quickly," said Phillip on the second time of speaking as Julie. And on the third occasion, he said, "I think he is quite mature. To-morrow he will be proposing to me—I mean Julie. He will tell me—I mean Julie, of the tender way he would like to hold hands, how we would walk in the gloaming, how we could kiss beneath the moon. . . . Certainly, I think he is mature enough. To-morrow, I think, will be the day of his most luxuriant affection."

"To-morrow?" asked the Lieutenant. "What are you going to do to that poor wretch to-morrow?"

Phillip smiled kindly. He was remembering how inefficient, irresponsible, and hopeless all Staff cubs were—to Flick.

To-morrow at six the 'phone buzzed as joyfully as on May morn.

Phillip picked it up softly.

"Chérie," burred the infatuated voice. "Chérie, you are here, again, chérie. . . ."

Phillip reached out softly. His hand dwelt on the exchange-switch. He moved the lever over. He pressed strenuously on the "buzzer" push.

The Lieutenant nearly had a fit.

Six rooms away a Brass Hat of—well, his particular rank does not matter, but his temper was rich and sub-tropical—leapt out of bed on to the cold floor in the cold air of six o'clock, and grabbed at the 'phone at his bedside. The "buzzer" was going madly. He knew what it meant. It was the beginning of the great German "push" in the West. He grabbed the 'phone to his head. . . .

"Chérie," said a sickly and infatuated voice in his ear. "Chérie, but you are a sly coquette. I know you are listening. I can hear your pretty little movements. You are being—naughty, I know—"

"Crrrr!" said the Brass Hat, beside himself with cold and amazed wrath. "Crrrr!" but

sleep was in his throat, and the lethal noise sounded gentle.

"You sly kitten," called the soft and treacly voice. "You wicked little fairy." ("Fairy!" gulped the infuriated mind of the Brass Hat, "this—this Hanwellite idiot calls me a fairy—me!") "But I know you. You cannot deceive me. My heart tells me. . . . I can smell the violets in your hair. Yes, even over the 'phone, I can smell—delicately, entrancingly, ravishingly—the violets in your hair."

"Violets in my—my God!" gasped the particularly bald Brass Hat. And in a voice of thunder he howled:

"Who are you, Sir? Who of the League of Lunatics are you, Sir? Tell me your name at once, you—you blithering imbecile!"

"Eh," came the voice of Flick comparatively startled.

"Eh—yes, eh!" snarled the volcanic Higher Up man. "I'll 'eh' you, Sir. I'll teach you to sing your comic songs at me across the 'phone, Sir. At six o'clock on a dam parky morning, Sir. Your name, Sir. Your regiment, Sir. Your Division and Brigade, Sir."

At that moment Phillip switched back to himself.

"That you, Captain," he said affably. "You seem to have come ungummed somewhere. You've got through to the D.A.G., or the C.G.S., or even the C-in-C—from the loud sound of things. What have you been saying to him—whoever he is—from the noise he must be feeling wounded to the quick."

"But," protested Flick wildly. "But Julie . . . Julie was on the 'phone, and—"

"My dear man," said Phillip blandly. "Do you suffer from delusion at all? Julie . . . my dear old thing, Julie left us a month ago."

"What!" gasped the despairing Flick. "What! But I have been talking to Julie for the past three days. How—who could I have been talking to—"

"I leave that to your efficient mind," said Phillip with a grin. "All I can say is that you have been talking to one of the most determined of Brass Hats in the last few minutes, and that the best thing for you to do is to cut off, before he tracks you."

Flick cut off.

He cut himself off for a month. He cut himself off altogether from Phillip for all time. He had heard of Phillip. He had abruptly realised that perhaps, after all, Phillip was efficient. Deadly efficient, in some things.

THE END.



IN "BETTY," AT DALY'S:
MISS IVY SHILLING.

Photograph by Bassano.



IN "FOLLOW THE CROWD," AT
THE EMPIRE: MISS CYLLENE
MOXON.

Photo. by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

BEDROOM SUITES AT PRE-WAR PRICES

at
Waring & Gillow's Galleries.



"Chippendale" Bedroom Suite.

The Bedroom Suite pictured above is a very fine example of the well-known "Chippendale" manner. It comprises a 6 ft. Wardrobe, made in four parts; a 4 ft. Dressing Table; a 4 ft. Washstand; Pedestal Cupboard and towel airer; three strong cane-seated chairs. The suite is made throughout of mahogany with a fine antique finish.

Price complete £45 : 0 : 0.

NOW that recent Government action seems likely still further to force up the price of furniture, special interest attaches to such a suite as that illustrated above. Perfectly constructed in every respect and preserving all the charm of the period on which it is modelled, it is yet priced at what may justly be called a "pre-war price."

Visit our Galleries to-day and see other examples of Choice Bedroom Furniture at Pre-War Prices.

WARING & GILLOW

Furnishers & Decorators to H. M. the King.

LTD

164-180 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

BOLD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.

NAPIER

ENTIRELY BRITISH

THE
WORLD'S
PROVED
BEST CAR
IS
WORTH
WAITING
FOR

Overwhelming majority
of Official Royal
Automobile Club
Certificates.



The 16/22 h.p. 4 cyl. **NAPIER**

Full particulars from **D. NAPIER & SON, LTD.**
Works:- **ACTON, LONDON, W.** **14, NEW BURLINGTON STREET, LONDON, W.**

THE HAIR, TEETH & SKIN

Preserved and Beautified by using Rowland's Toilet Articles.



ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

The best Preserver of the Hair; it is the best tonic and dressing for ladies' hair, and should always be used for children. Also sold in golden colour for fair and golden-haired ladies and children. Sizes, 2/3, 7/6, 10/6.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO

is the finest dentifrice; removes all impurities from the teeth, imparts to them a brilliant polish, prevents and arrests decay, and gives a pleasing fragrance to the breath. 2/9.


ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

Allays all irritability of the skin, removes redness, roughness, &c., cures and heals all cutaneous eruptions, imparts a softness and whiteness to the neck, hands, and arms, unattainable by any other means. Sizes, 2/3 and 4/6.

Sold by Stores, Chemists, and ROWLANDS, 67, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

FOOT'S ADJUSTABLE REST-CHAIR

The "BURLINGTON."



CAN BE INSTANTLY
CHANGED INTO
A SEMI OR FULL
LENGTH COUCH.

Simply press a button and the back declines or automatically rises to any position. Release the button and the back is instantly locked. The sides open outwards, affording easy access and exit. The Leg Rest is adjustable to various inclinations, and when not in use it slides under the seat.

Automatic Adjustable Back.

Catalogue C13 of Adjustable Chairs Post Free

(Patented.)

J. FOOT & SON, Ltd., 171, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.

POPE & BRADLEY

Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

REPUTATION

BY

H. DENNIS BRADLEY.



THE reputation of the House of Pope & Bradley has been irrevocably established by the war. This is no idle statement, but the indisputable evidence of figures, guaranteed by our chartered accountants, Messrs. Southwell, Tyrell & Co.

The year of 1915 has been a record one for turn-over in the history of the firm. In recommendations from clients alone, and this is the most convincing argument of success, the new business transacted amounted to tens of thousands of pounds during the year, with the result that 1915 shows an increase of 20 per cent. on the previous best. Such an increase in war-time is the more remarkable when it is remembered that Pope & Bradley is a great House, accustomed to dealing with great figures.

In war-time reputations are difficult to maintain and easily lost. Throughout the war the House has adhered rigidly to the policy of refusing to supply any officer with any material or article of kit which it cannot guarantee as the best possible to procure. This policy has been maintained not only from commercial instincts, but because it considers it little short of criminal to allow officers to purchase rubbish which the producers must know can never stand the strain of active service.

The prices charged are moderate because they are for net cash, and because the House is probably the largest buyer of officers' khaki in London. The trading profit on the production cost has been reduced to the minimum possible, but if it were double the amount the charges would be correspondingly increased rather than any reduction in the quality would be entertained.

Service Jackets	from £3	13	6
Slacks	"	1	7 6
Bedford Cord Breeches (Buckskin Strapped)	"	2	12 6
British Warm	"	3	15 0
Waterproof "Trencher"	"	5	15 6

New Naval and Military Kit List, containing particulars of every Service requirement, will be forwarded upon application.

For the convenience of military customers only, a section of our staff is in attendance on Saturday afternoons until 6 o'clock.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY

14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.



JEWELLERS

SILVERSMITHS

TO H.M. THE KING

THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE LTD (A.B. SAVORY & SONS)

(Established 1751)



Gold Watches.

THE Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company's English Watches are of the highest quality and are moderate in price. They are accurate in performance, and their superiority and reliability in all circumstances have been demonstrated on many occasions. Every watch bears the name of The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company engraved upon it.

Prices from £10 : 0 : 0

A fully illustrated catalogue will be sent post free on application.

Watchmakers to the Admiralty.

Only One Address. No Branches.

112, Regent St., London, W.

WOMAN'S WAYS

Why English People Dislike Germans.

Before the horrors of August 1914 in Belgium, it is safe to say there was no active dislike of Germany or Germans in England—only a certain resentment of their appearance and manners and of their way of eating. Indeed, the German tourist, in whatever land he found himself, was not rapturously welcomed. In hotels and restaurants, he always demanded the largest meal for the smallest price, squabbled over the bill, and made as much noise as an Englishman, Frenchman, and Italian combined. But this was not the height of his offending in British eyes; it was the way he ate his soup, and plunged a knife into his mouth with a supply of green peas upon it. The Englishman can forgive national vices, and even crimes, but an odour of garlic, dubious-looking nails, or the knife-in-mouth habit will alienate him for ever.

The Englishman's Code.

His personal code is severe, and he applies it drastically to his own countrymen. From the time he is breeched and goes to a public school he is the slave of social shibboleths. How, then, could you expect this Briton, when he grew up and travelled, to be hail-fellow-well-met with a stout, bearded gentleman in horrifying clothes (with womenkind to match), who made Venice into an annexe of Munich, and destroyed the meticulous charm of Monte Carlo? His horrid knife was as formidable as Siegfried's sword; and not even Bayreuth pilgrims could forgive the sausage-and-beer orgies they had to assist at in Wagner's shrine. Let Germans learn that part of Kultur consists in seemly manners at table, and there may yet be a chance, some day, of their entering the society of more civilised nations.

Henry James at Play.

Most people, in their awe-struck confidences about the great writer who has just passed away, never give the slightest idea that Henry James possessed a keen, if ironical, humour, and that he could at times be playful in quite a boyish way. If his eyes were tragically sad—and, moreover, he seldom laughed—he had a sort of *fond* of benevolent good-humour which was very attractive. At a house where one met him on two or three occasions surrounded by that atmosphere of boisterous gaiety in which English people eat their Christmas dinner, Henry James showed himself an expert at pulling crackers. Nor shall I ever forget the delightful spectacle of the famous novelist seated with us all, after dinner, on the drawing-room floor, engaged in blowing a small feather across a stretched linen sheet. The ardour and the vigour which our author put into this age-old pastime were equal to that of the youngest girl in the party.

The Larger Lunacy.

In the vast and organised lunacy of a world-war, all individual and minor madnesses seem to become merged, so that asylums in the belligerent countries can be emptied to make place for wounded, and sanatoriums advertise in vain for patients. The decrease in madness among potential soldiers is remarkable, and points to the fact that mental disease may arise from lack of a great interest and incentive such as war at once provides.—ELLA HEPPWORTH DIXON.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES

"JERRY" certainly caused some laughter, also it gave to the critics an opportunity of saying that it was "jerry-built"—for which they ought to have been grateful, instead of which, to use the old phrase, they pulled it to pieces, and this, of course, was easy, having regard to the flimsiness of its construction. After all, Mr. William Ashley's farce at the Duke of York's Theatre is quite a harmless piece of nonsense, in which one seemed to trace an effort to repeat the success of "A Little Bit of Fluff." Such things, however, do not bear repetition. Moreover, one can have too much of the humours of a terrible female determined to marry a timid little man, who can easily get out of her clutches if he will. Rather brave of the author to pretend that the hero, and also his lawyer, thought that Jerry was bound to marry the woman because he had promised to do so: there was a doctrine of the "pre-contract of marriage" some centuries ago, but nowadays even the butcher-boy who whistles rag-time music in the street without syncopation knows that you can get out of a promise of marriage by paying—or owing—damages. Still, we had Miss Yvonne Arnaud, quite charming as the jolly girl whom the hero wanted to marry. Why didn't

they give her a song or two to sing?—I should have spared acres of the dialogue for a few notes of her pretty voice. And we had Mr. Berte Thomas, quite amusing by his clever performance in the part of a butler; and Miss Sinna St. Clair played a house-keeper very well; while Miss Gladys Ffolliott was sometimes amusing as the terrible female. Mr. Charles Windermere, in the name-part, acted strenuously, and with some degree of success, but he might jump about less.

There is plenty of fun in Sir James Barrie's cinema joke given at a Coliseum matinée, and now on for a run. No doubt, "The Real Thing at Last" seems hardly up to the standard of its distinguished author; but its humours are comfortably obvious and have some fresh-

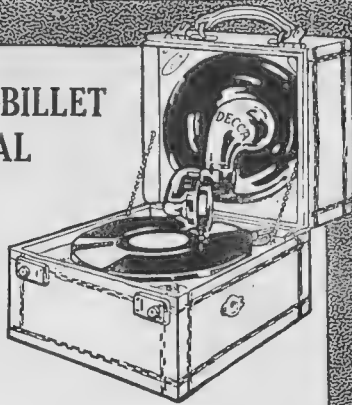
ness. "Macbeth" does lend itself very well to the "movies," and also is easily burlesqued, just as any movie performance itself can be made fun of without difficulty; and so we had two mirthful elements in conjunction, and the assistance of a lot of clever people of distinguished position on our stage, notably Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Mr. Edmund Gwenn. Perhaps the greatest laughter came from the comic lines, "the head-lines" of the film pictures, which were full of quiet fun of a dry character. And yet probably the audience had its biggest joy in the tremendous stage fight between the Two Macs—a combat terrific beyond language, and not really very much droller to the cynical than some I have seen upon the serious stage, though for the sake of peace I dare not specify them. And the happy-ever-after ending? Well, that was not much more grotesque in the way of distortion than one that we have seen lately at an enormously important playhouse. I ought to have mentioned the clever comic work of Mr. Nelson Keys, who represented Lady Macbeth, and gave great delight to the house. The audience was in a particularly amiable mood, and would have laughed at Sir James Barrie's dramatic joke even had it been less obvious.



LADIES AS FLAG-WAGGERS: SOME LEADING MEMBERS OF THE WOMEN SIGNALLERS TERRITORIAL CORPS. From left to right are seen: "Lieutenant" G. Barnett, Officer Commanding, 1st London Platoon; "Commandant" A. Del Riego, originator of and "Officer Commanding the Corps"; "Lieutenant" V. Atkinson-Grimshaw, Officer Commanding 2nd London Platoon; "Signaller" V. St. John Hunt; "Lance-Corporal" M. Barne; and (kneeling) "Signaller" C. Metcalfe. The Women Signallers Territorial Corps has members in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and aims at linking up every town and village by means of women trained in all branches of signalling. Classes are held daily at the Headquarters Training School in London. "Lance-Corporal" Barne is a daughter of the late Lady Constance Barne.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

TRENCH—DUG-OUT—BILLET CAMP—HOSPITAL

*the most appreciated
of ALL Gifts is a
Gramophone, and of
ALL Gramophones
—the "DECCA"*



Hundreds of "Deccas" have been sent out by special request of Officers and men; hundreds more have followed as gifts from thoughtful friends.

The "Decca" is the only truly portable Gramophone made. It is ready to play immediately opened, and it has the full, rich tone and clearness of reproduction of instruments six times its size and price.

The "Decca" is strongly made, and better than any other Gramophone stands the strain of Active Service. It takes all sizes and makes of needle records.

THE DECCA

THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE

In Leather-Cloth Case.	Compressed Fibre Case.	Solid Cow-hide Case.
£3 10 0	£4 10 0	£7 10 0

Of Harrods, Army and Navy Stores, Whiteley's, Gamage's, and all leading Stores and Music Dealers.

Illustrated Folder, and name of nearest agent, free on application to the Manufacturers—
THE DULCEPHONE CO.,
32, Worship Street, London, E.C.



SAND-COLOURED HAT,
in jou-jou straw and aerophone.
The crown is formed by minoches
pads, interlaced Sevrès blue
Petersham ribbon. A very
graceful and becoming hat.

DEBENHAM
& FREEBODY
Wigmore St., Cavendish
Square, London, West.



The Most Charming Place
in London.

FORMOSA OOLONG TEA ROOMS

36, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

Charges Moderate. Service Admirable.
Music Daily. Open on Sundays for Teas only.

LUNCHEONS, TEAS, & DINNERS.

Here you can obtain
the World-Famous

FORMOSA OOLONG TEA

PURE 2/10, 3/10. BLEND 2/7, 3/4, 4/4
per lb. per lb.

Formosa Oolong Teas (Pure & Blended) can be obtained at Ridgway, Ltd.,
London; R. Tinning & Co., Ltd., London; and André, Mervin & Co.,
Birmingham; and all branches of the United Kingdom.

The New Crêpe-de-Chine COAT

The "HOYLAKE"
(as sketch).

Crêpe-de-Chine Coat
with the new blazer
stripes, fully cut,
stylish sash - 39/6

Also in plain colours,
35/6



Peter
Robinson's
OXFORD STREET . . W

Peter Robinson Ltd.





THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Brown and Bronze.

The smartest and neatest of little figures, a piquant face, a brown velvet short skirt and basqued bodice, puma furs, and a pair of high-legged bronze kid boots fitting like gloves, made many a pair of eyes turn in its direction, as it flitted about Bond Street. Its owner seemed delightfully unconscious—which was the more admirable. Not so a tall girl in a short black skirt finished with military braid, a smart little cut-away coat, with a high fur collar to it, a black hat, high in the crown, with ribbon twisted into a kind of cockade at one side. She had high-legged black boots, with very high heels well under the sole, and tassels, in the Old-World style, from the top of each boot. It was very smart and attractive, but the wearer was obviously collecting admiring glances as she went along. She got one, easily translatable into a guffaw, from a stalwart constable, and she did not care about it; nor was it, I think, added to her collection.

The Championesses of the Attested.

"Your husband is going to stay and go on as usual, is he?" "Yes; he was not such a goose as to attest and risk leaving me and my two on 12s. 6d. a week." "You are actually proud of him?" "Well, I don't say that; and he's not over-happy himself; but I'm glad he's not going, and that is a fact." "He'll go yet; it is not likely that the English Government, for all they say against it, will give itself that kind of a reputation for rank injustice." He'll go if he must, and only that! This conversation took place between the wives of two men, earning between three and four hundred a year,

living in little villas next door to each other. The first is in one of the groups of married men called up; the other never attested. Rank injustice does not seem quite to meet the case, which is that of penalising the women and children of patriotic, brave, and loyal men, and rewarding the families of—well, let us call them, *les autres*!

A Juvenile Objector.

A small boy, promised a miniature motor-car when he was twelve, remembered that birthday, and what it was to bring, when the promiser did not. The subject was cleverly led up to by the approaching twelve-year-old, but the uncle remained quite unconscious, and so the frontal attack had to come. "Uncle Ronald, do you remember my twelfth birthday will be in ten days, and you promised me a motor-car when I was twelve?" Told that he would have to postpone his twelfth birthday until after the war, the lad's conscientious objecting took a very violent turn; and he ended by remarking that "a gentleman's promise was a promise," and, for his part, he couldn't see what the war had to do with it. "This," said his uncle: "I'm too old to fight, and, anyway, I lost an eye fighting in South Africa; but I'm giving all my income, except what keeps me alive, to help the wives of men I know who have gone, and I've not enough money to buy you a little car; but a gentleman would not expect a promise to be kept in the circumstances. If you have your car, my chauffeur's wife won't have enough for meals for her children, or the wives of some of the servants at my

club must suffer. Must I give you your car?" The boy turned away, suspiciously near tears, and a couple of hours later turned up with 13s. 10d., and told his uncle "he really hadn't any use for a car just then, and that perhaps the contents of his money-box might be some use to some of his wives!" The uncle ignored the Mormon suggestion, and shook hands with his nephew. I think they will both pass for gentlemen!

Hard Lines.

They are the lines we are most of us best acquainted with since war-loving William worked his wicked way; but particularly hard is it for the young widow of Captain Douglas Reynolds, V.C., who died recently from gas-poisoning. She is not yet twenty-one, and a fortnight before the tragic news reached her, she had a fine little son, whom she looked forward to introducing to his father, and now he has passed to his reward as a hero without seeing his wee boy; but he has left him a splendid heritage. Mrs. Douglas Reynolds was just a pretty, gay, laughter-loving girl; now she is a woman and a widow. She is one of the twin-daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Petersen, of Cherkley Court, and had previously had her only brother, a gallant and splendid young Life Guardsman, killed in the war. Her second and youngest sister was to have been married on the 4th to Mr. Alastair Miller, only surviving son of Sir William and Lady Miller, of Glenlee, who is in the Irish Guards, and attached to the Royal Flying Corps. The wedding was postponed. Mr. Millar's elder brother was in the Grenadier Guards and was killed in action; so does tragedy after tragedy touch our people, who yet remain brave and British to the core.

Two Princesses and Some Officers.

Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll were very gracious last week to some young officers at the hostel for them which Princess Henry of Battenberg opened. A stalwart young Highlander, with his arm in a sling, presented a bouquet, and possibly felt less shy when he was facing the guns at Loos. On that occasion he was not at all shy, and on this he bore himself quite manfully. Sir Francis Lloyd, General Commanding the London District, was not shy about saying we had to destroy Prussian militarism, German power-lust, German cruelty, German boastfulness, and Germany as a great nation; and to do it we wanted men, and still men! The hostel is a club for officers in connection with Miss Ethel McCaul's Hospital for Officers in Welbeck Street.



THE "PANTALETTE" EVENING-DRESS.

A pretty evening-frock of palest flesh-pink tulle and orchid mauve taffeta, the ribbons which catch up the paniers being of turquoise-blue velvet. The quaint little pantalettes are of silver lace and ornamented with pink roses.



A DAINTY TEA-GOWN IN PINK AND SILVER.

A tea-gown carried out in tulle of a delicate shade of coral-pink, corded with silver. The trained coatee is made of net embroidered with silver beads.



An every-day incident
near the fighting line.



For Members of the
Expeditionary Forces.

HORLICK'S RATION OF MALTED MILK TABLETS

A round, air-tight tin weighing 7 ozs. and containing 80 highly compressed tablets:—this is Horlick's 24-Hour Ration. From 10 to 20 tablets dissolved in the mouth as required supply the nourishment given by an ordinary meal, and they quickly restore energy and vitality. The contents of one tin are sufficient to maintain strength and vigour for 24 hours without any other food, and, in addition, the tablets relieve thirst. Think in how many ways an emergency ration such as this would be useful to every soldier!

Send one to YOUR Soldier

Price 1/6 each

Now obtainable of Chemists

If your Chemist cannot supply you, we will send the tin post free to any address on receipt of 1/6. Give FULL name and address to which you wish the ration sent, also state your own name and address, and please write plainly.

Be particular to give regimental number, rank, name, squadron or company, battalion, battery, regiment (or other unit), staff appointment or department. State with which Expeditionary Force your soldier is serving.

Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks

DISTINCTIVE STYLES IN SPORTS COATS

JAYS LTD. are showing a large variety of Knitted Silk and Wool Coats in the latest fashionable shapes and shades suitable for all kinds of Sports and indoor and outdoor wear

There is at present a marked demand for Knitted Coats suitable for indoor and outdoor wear similar to the garment illustrated.

Jays
LTD
REGENT STREET W.

The elegant little Wool Coat illustrated is very light in weight and eminently suitable for indoor wear. Fine open stitch, with sash and collar in all 42/- colours



WOOL HOSE FOR GOLF OR SHOOTING

The fashion for short, wide skirts necessitates the wearing of smart Hosiery. Jays' are now offering the latest idea in Heavy Wool Hose in mixed checks for Golf or Shooting per pair 8/6

Wilson & Gill

139 & 141, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

BEAUTIFULLY MODELLED
REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES.



Fine Diamonds and Enamel - £12 10 0



Fine Diamonds and Enamel - £9 10 0



Fine Diamonds, Enamel and Palladium - £25
Others in Gold and Diamonds from £5 10 0

Any Regimental or Naval Badge can be supplied in Gold and Enamel, with or without Precious Stones, from £3 10 0 to £50.

Sketches on application.



By Appointment.

FEROCAL

(SQUIRE'S CHEMICAL FOOD)

*Strengthens.
Nourishes.
Improves the
appetite.*

For children who are naturally delicate, or who are inclined to out-grow their strength.

Pleasant to the Taste.
Children like it.

In bottles, 1/6, 2/6, and 4/6,
of all Chemists.

SQUIRE & SONS, Ltd.,
THE KING'S CHEMISTS,
413, Oxford St., London, W.



Hassall



Beauty that Inspires....

THE kind of beauty that inspires admiration is not the beauty of perfect features, as a clear and healthy-looking skin often inspires admiration where perfect features fail.

There is no beauty to compare with natural beauty, and the way to obtain it is the OATINE way.

Oatine is made from the finest oats, and contains no animal fat, therefore cannot grow hair. It possesses properties which enable it to get down into the pores and remove the dirt and grime embedded there. Remember, that keeping the pores clean is the secret of a good complexion.

Oatine is delicately scented and pleasant to use, and guaranteed to be absolutely pure. It is stocked by all chemists in jars, 1/12 and 2/3. Get a jar to-day. Ask for

Oatine FACE CREAM

For those who prefer a greaseless cream we manufacture OATINE SNOW, a vanishing cream as its name suggests. It is particularly suitable where the skin is inclined to be oily. All chemists stock OATINE SNOW, price 1/-

GET A JAR, AND PROVE ITS WORTH.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE ECONOMY OF MOTORING: A MATTER OF OPINION: A HINT OR TWO FROM AMERICA.

The Convenient Car.

Facts which have long been commonplace to any given section of the community may remain unrecognised by the generality for years. The rule holds good in motoring as in all else, and though two decades have passed since its birth in this country there are still countless people who have never realised the true inwardness of the use of cars and other motor vehicles. In a word, a car is a practical convenience which no other product, mechanical or animal, can supply, and its primary purpose is served whether the chassis is surmounted by a limousine body or a tester's sugar-box.

Cross-Country Journeys.

Above all, moreover, on the credit side of motoring is the fact that railway travelling on main-line routes and on cross-country journeyings are two things as opposite as the Poles. Anyone living between London and the southern coast will know the truth of this from practical experience. One may live forty miles from town, and yet have to come up to Waterloo to take an express to a place forty miles out on another tangent, when the two are little more, or even less, than the same distance apart by road; any attempt to travel over the base of the triangle by rail means slow trains and long waits at junctions. Even the suburban resident gains in every way by the use of a car. Necessity takes me, for example, from time to time to a place twenty-three miles west of Marble Arch, and to another on the fringe of Surrey and Kent. In the former case I have to make four changes by train, and the journey never takes less than two hours; but by road I can do it in 1½ hours, at the cost of third-class travelling for one person, and at a great saving if I carry passengers. The eastern journey takes me an hour by road, and is cheaper and quicker than by train; while in the latter case there is 2½ miles between the station and the house, either to be walked or reached at a cost of six shillings—two cab fares. If I lived further south the road journeys would be inappreciably greater, while the train difficulties would be considerably increased. Now the vast majority of the cars one sees on the road in war-time, other than those employed in military or benevolent work, are engaged in cross-country journeyings of this kind; and, this being so, the idea that all private motoring is a luxury *per se*, or that it is essentially maintained for "pleasure," is almost as far-fetched and remote from the truth as anything which the mind could conceive.

A Disputed Point.

It is not often that one finds cause to differ from the *Autocar* on questions of mechanical interest, for its technical staff is very sound. A statement, none the less, which it has lately published is, to my thinking, decidedly open to question, although on every ground I should have been glad had it been otherwise. Speaking of American designers, the *Autocar* declares that, fond as they are of multiplying cylinders, they are "by no means abreast of our own men in the matter of those refinements that add so much to the pleasure of driving and travelling

in a first-class British car." This sentence was attached to a description of the Fergus car, an Irish product of which too much can hardly be said in the way of praise, for it embodies many of the refinements for which owner-drivers have sighed and clamoured these ten years past, and deserves not only a huge success, but has set an example

which should be universally adopted by every manufacturer of a car. But one swallow does not make a summer, and it is, unfortunately, only too true that it is in the very details above named that the average British designer has still much to learn from Transatlantic products.

Carburettor Control.

American cars have mostly engines of the low-efficiency type, and in workmanship are inferior to the products of our own country. Their palpable shortcomings are excused on the score of cheapness; but the curious fact remains that, though in so many respects inferior, they nevertheless

embodysundry details which might just as easily as not be fitted to every British car. To mention one out of several, there is the provision, characteristic of most American cars, of a means of varying the air-control of the carburettor from the driving-seat. Many carburettors on British or European cars have by no means adequate adjustment to the carburettor, and even where such exists, it can only be effected by the lifting of the bonnet; whereas on many Transatlantic cars the driver can close the air-

vent, for starting purposes, without leaving his seat, or can vary the mixture according to circumstance while actually running. Self-starters, too, are far more general as standard fittings in America than in our own country. All the greater is the pity that cars which are superior in workmanship and other necessary features to Transatlantic models should nevertheless lack sundry conveniences which one would least expect to find in what are more or less flimsy products.



A GENEROUS GIFT FROM THE HELLENIC COMMUNITY IN LONDON: A FLEET OF MOTOR-AMBULANCES.

Proofs multiply of the goodwill and sympathy of the Hellenic community in London with our soldiers fighting so gallantly for that spirit of freedom which is innate in the soul of Greece and her chivalrous sons. Our photograph of a fleet of motor-ambulances for our Balkan Forces, subscribed for by the Hellenic community in London, presented to the British Red Cross Society, and shown last week in St. James's Square, adds to the reasons for our grateful recognition of their friendly attitude.

Photograph by Alfieri.



THE HEALING VALUE OF LAUGHTER: "DANDY DICK," AT THE FRONT, BY A MOTOR-AMBULANCE CONVOY.

Our photograph shows a group of members of No. 6 Motor Ambulance Convoy, in France, where, in the intervals of their serious and beneficent labours, they have been entertaining many of the wounded, and soldiers resting from the arduous conditions of life in the trenches, with a spirited representation of Sir Arthur Pinero's irresistible comedy, "Dandy Dick."

Security
from the



NOW is the time when roads are at their worst, and likely to remain so for some weeks. The best-handled car has to face every minute the danger of skidding.

Of all devices yet introduced, simple or elaborate, to combat the evil, none is so effective as to

Fit Diagonally

Wood-Milne

"SPECIAL" ALL - RUBBER AND "STEEL - STUDDED" NON-SKID TYRES

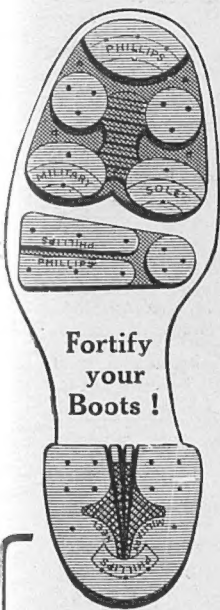
Guaranteed 3,500 Miles.

WOOD - MILNE, LTD., PRESTON, LANCs. Wire: "Comfort, Preston." Phone: Preston 413.

LONDON: MANCHESTER AVENUE, E.C. Wire: "Byturning, London." Phone: City 4797.

BRISTOL, BIRMINGHAM, LEEDS, MANCHESTER, BELFAST, GLASGOW, DUBLIN.

m528



Fortify
your
Boots!

PHILLIPS' 'MILITARY' SOLES & HEELS

Patent.

Designs regd.

- THIN rubber plates, with raised studs, to be attached on top of ordinary soles and heels, giving complete protection from wear.
- The rubber used is six times more durable than leather.
- Phillips' 'Military' Soles and Heels impart smoothness to the tread, give grip, lessen fatigue, and are essential to 'marching comfort.' Feet kept dry in wet weather.

INVALUABLE to MILITARY and NAVAL OFFICERS. IDEAL for GOLF, SHOOTING and COUNTRY WEAR.

Lieut.-Colonel W. E. LLOYD, 19 (S) Bn. Manchester Regt. writes, Sept. 6, 1915:—

"Their durability is intense. . . . Undoubtedly they last several times longer than a leather sole.

"The smoothness of tread is a revelation. . . . They prevent slipping, and I cannot speak too highly of them."

FROM ALL BOOTMAKERS.

Price 3/9 per Set (Soles and Heels for one pair of Boots) with slight extra charge for fixing. If any difficulty in obtaining, send outline of sole and heel pencilled on paper, with P.O. 3/9 for Sample Set to the Makers:—

PHILLIPS' PATENTS, LTD. (DEPT. G1), 142-6, Old Street, London, E.C.

**INEXPENSIVE
REST GOWNS**

Suitable for all manner of occasions. Designed by our own artists and made in our own work-rooms from rich quality materials. The value of these gowns is quite exceptional, while the cut, style, and finish is of a particularly high order.

MODEL TEAGOWN, as sketch, in extra rich and heavy Crêpe-de-Chine, with strapped yoke on hips, and full draped skirt. The bodice is trimmed with soft cream lace, and has new large chiffon sleeves. In black, and a large range of colours.

PRICE

5½ Gns.

Also in our own special outside, **6½ Gns.**

Or in a lighter quality Crêpe, **4½ Gns.**

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square London.W

Famous for over a Century for Taste, for Quality for Value



GENERAL NOTES.

Sad Accident to a Professor.

Lady Mary Murray has more than once smiled at her husband the Professor, or smiled at least at the figure he has been made to cut in the papers. Not long ago a literary critic in the *Times* discovered that he had committed himself—quite unintentionally, perhaps—in a book-preface to a theory of aesthetics that glorified “drunkenness and swindling.” Now his photograph has appeared in a Stockholm paper side by side with a ferocious-looking apostle of Kultur from Berlin—a Berliner in every feature; and Gilbert Murray’s name appears under the German professor’s countenance and a German name under Gilbert Murray’s: a German name that Lady Mary cannot even pronounce!

The Flagging Business.

Lady MacDonnell has been very pushed to get things ready for Irish Flag Day, which seems to have descended on us at short notice. Many of the ladies of Welsh Day are to be out again; Lady Drogheda, for instance, who spent long hours in Oxford Street a week or two ago, can hardly claim exemption; and other Irish titles have been starved for service. Lord and Lady de Freyne, by the way, remained in London for part of their honeymoon. If Lady de Freyne is called upon to sell flags, she must put up with a very assiduous cavalier who will insist on buying up her entire stock if business is slow, or her feet are cold.

The Charles Street Club.

The Maple Leaf Club, just off Berkeley Square, is doing a great little work. It gives the Canadian soldier a *pied à terre* in the centre of things; saves him from cinema headache, from too long a course of restaurant-feeding, and, above all, from the Lonely Officer advertiser in the Agony Column. It is a pleasant place for luncheons and teas; and it does something—here is an important point—for the Americans who are serving in the Canadian Contingent. They,

more than most of our visitors, are apt to find themselves lost during leave; they are half-shy of having got into the great scrap at all when they find how very much like strangers they can feel in London until they discover No. 11, Charles Street.

In such troublous times as these any appeal apart from national service is most difficult; but that which is being made by Mr. Charles Gulliver is deserving of support from everyone. Mr. Thomas Barrasford was undoubtedly the pioneer and the one to whom nearly every star artist to-day looks back with reverence, for it was he who made the modern “star” what he is. In his huge endeavours he, unfortunately, came upon bad times, with the result

that his widow is now in strained circumstances. It is the music-hall artists who have done so much to cheer up Tommy and Jack on his return to this country, and every artist in the profession asks the public to give their support to the *matinée*, as they are giving their services. Mr. Oswald Stoll, Mr. Frank Allan, and many others have joined Mr. Charles Gulliver in the work of charity, and it is hoped that a substantial amount may be obtained for Mrs. Barrasford. The public are not being asked to pay their money and get nothing, but a programme has been arranged that no theatre can play to requite the actors’ services. Amongst the many that will appear may be included Mlle. Kyasht, Miss Violet Loraine, Miss Hetty King, Miss Anna Hana, Mlle. Liane d’Eve, Mr. Arthur Bouchier, Little Tich, Mr. Harry Tate, Mr. George Robey, Mr. Jack Norworth, Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Isobel Elsom, Mr. George

Mozart, Mr. Ernie Lotinga, Mr. Sam Mayo, Mr. Cooper Mitchell, Mr. Vernon Watson, Mr. Harry Weldon, Mr. James Welch, Mr. Fred Emney, “Coram,” Mr. Bert Errol, Mr. R. G. Knowles, Messrs. York and Leonard. The *matinée* will take place on Thursday, March 16, at the Palladium, commencing at 2 p.m., doors open at 1 p.m. Every seat has been reserved at prices ranging from 2s. 6d. to £1 1s.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT ARTHUR C. N. SPICER: MISS BARBARA GERTRUDE PATTERSON.

Miss Patterson is the elder (twin) daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Patterson, of 40, Cleveland Square, Hyde Park. Mr. A. C. N. Spicer, of the 7th (Service) Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment, is the son of Mr. Charles Spicer, of Glenwood, Weybridge. Miss Elliot is the elder daughter of Mr. Thomas Elliot, of Clifton Park, Kelso. Mr. Laidlay, of the Black Watch, is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Laidlay, of Inverell, Dirlton, Haddingtonshire.

Photographs by Lallie Charles.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT JOHN CHRISTOPHER LAIDLAY: MISS ROSE ADELAIDE ELLIOT.

“ECIRUAM”

The Gown for all occasions.

Entirely without fasteners.

Regd.

From 3½ gns.

Made in a variety of styles and materials, Soft Satin, Charmeuse, Cashmere, Taffeta, Crêpe-de-Chine, Ninon, Serge, &c., &c.

NEW

Booklet of styles and prices post free.

“ECIRUAM” Gowns are equally charming and smart as day, evening, tea, rest or walking gowns. The ideal country house and week-end frock, particularly suited to present-day conditions

NO FITTING REQUIRED.

Put on in a moment.

SOLE MAKER AND INVENTOR:

MAURICE,

43, SOUTH MOLTON ST., BOND ST., W.

“ECIRUAM” Maternity Gowns are perfect.

“ECIRUAM” Gowns and Blouses are registered designs—to copy is an infringement.



If you suffer from Asthma, Catarrh, Ordinary Colds, you will find nothing to equal HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA. At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

Careful scrutiny and the most stringent scientific test ensure that each Osram is an economical and a thoroughly efficient lamp.

Osram
DRAWN WIRE
Lamps

British-made throughout
at the Osram-Robertson Lamp Works,
Hammersmith, London.

See that every lamp sold as Osram bears the words
“G. E. C. Made in England.” Refuse all others.

FOR REMOVING ALL SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

USE **DARA**

THE RELIABLE HOME TREATMENT
SURE, SAFE AND PAINLESS

A CLIENT WRITES: —

Dear Madam,—I am so pleased to tell you the “Dara” Treatment was quite a success, therefore there is no need to make any appointment with you. I must confess I had no faith in the “Dara” when sending for it, which makes my gratitude to you all the more real. I must thank you very much for your wonderful remedy, and remain,

Yours gratefully,—

(Original of above, and also other Testimonials, can be seen.)

Remove Superfluous Hair Comfortably in your own Home

Prices 10/6 & 21/6 (The larger size contains three times the amount of the smaller)

ADAIR GANESH ESTABLISHMENT 92, NEW BOND STREET, (Oxford St. End) LONDON, W.

Telephone—GERRARD 3782

Also PARIS & NEW YORK



1305



Delta

703—19/6

A Delta Dialogue

“WHAT! Swanking it in a new pair of shoes! Not much war-economy about you, old chap.”

“Why, they’re not new at all. But I admit they look it. I bought ’em good to start with, you see, and keep ’em well treed.”

“Yes, we can’t all afford that ‘good to start with.’ Anything from thirty bob upwards, I suppose?”

“Wrong again. They’re Delta and cost just nineteen and six. Nineteen-and-six-pence worth of sheer comfort.”

Delta

Agents everywhere
Letters: Lotus Limited, Stafford
Manufacturers of Delta and Lotus Shoes.

THE Illustrated London News

of MARCH 11 contains illustrations of—

AN AIR-COMPRESSION VESSEL FOR LAYING MOORINGS FOR WARSHIPS.

THE LATE POET-QUEEN OF ROUMANIA ("CARMEN SYLVA.")

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA WITH HIS TROOPS IN THE FIELD.

THE CAMPAIGN IN WESTERN EGYPT.

MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN'S PORTRAIT OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

WAR PHOTOGRAPHS FROM EAST AFRICA; ERZERUM; BITLIS; THE MEUSE; AND THE BALKANS.

ITALIAN ARTILLERYMEN HOISTING A GUN UP A MOUNTAIN IN THE ALPS.

THE WORK OF THE NATIONAL GUARD—MEETING SOLDIERS, RESCUE DRILL, FIELD-MANŒUVRES, Etc.

OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

GERMAN TRENCHES SHELLLED AND TAKEN BY THE BRITISH.

THE STROKEHOLD OF A MODERN BATTLESHIP.

THE 15-INCH GUNS OF H.M.S. "QUEEN ELIZABETH," BLOWING UP OLD LIGHTERS IN THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN.

INCIDENTS DURING THE GREAT GERMAN ATTACK AT VERDUN.

A GERMAN X-RAY MOTOR OUTFIT.

A FLYING CORPS MOTOR REPAIR-SHOP.

FENCING AS A SPORT FOR BLINDED SOLDIERS.

INDIAN TRANSPORT AT SALONIKA.

THE SEIZURE OF GERMAN SHIPS IN PORTUGAL.

The next issue of "The Illustrated London News" will be of equal interest.

You can only realise what the Great War means by having it brought before you in the pages of the Best Illustrated Weekly, the

Illustrated London News

Every Friday.]

PRICE SIXPENCE WEEKLY

[Every Friday.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

THE LITTLE LONG PAPER

CALLED

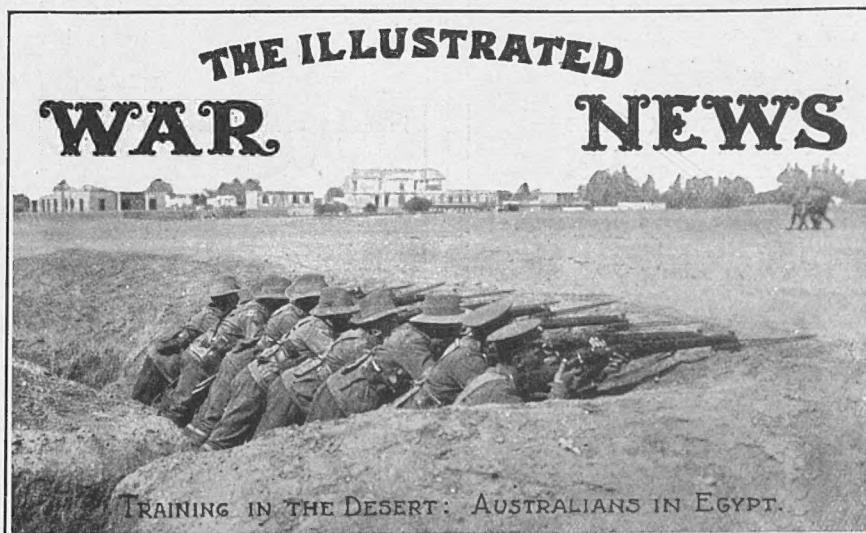
The Illustrated War News

PART 84

Makes a point of illustrating the light as well as the serious side of the Great War.

Its scope stretches from West to East, and covers every field of operations.

In few other publications are photographs reproduced in such a way that you



TRAINING IN THE DESERT: AUSTRALIANS IN EGYPT.

would think you were looking at the original prints themselves.

You have in every number a current and accurate history of the progress of the campaigns. No rumoured news. No technical, strategical articles—just a truthful, lucid account.

THE MOST PERFECT ILLUSTRATED & WRITTEN HISTORY OF THE WAR.

EACH NUMBER COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

Handy to Hold, Handy to Read, and Handy to Send to the Front.

EVERY WEDNESDAY.]

PRICE ONLY 6D. WEEKLY.

[EVERY WEDNESDAY.

Publishing Office: 172, Strand, London, W.C.



Beauty's Bath

THE value of the daily hot bath cannot be over-estimated, for cleanliness is the first condition of all lasting beauty and health. It has a soothing effect on the system, keeps the body slim and supple, and leaves the skin refreshed and smooth.

A Gas Water-Heater supplies abundant hot water for the bath at any hour of the day or night. It renders you quite independent of the kitchen boiler, and entirely does away with the dirt, discomfort, and extravagance of the antiquated coal-fire system.

A convenience at all times, the Gas Water-Heater is indispensable if you would have a really hot bath whenever you want it, without worry, delay, or heavy expenses.

For full particulars send post-card to The British Commercial Gas Association, 47, Victoria Street, London, S.W.



A Smile after Shaving.

Comfort during—and after—your shave comes with

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

Its rich softening lather helps the razor, and leaves the face cool and refreshed.

The feeling of a clean smooth skin is only one reward of saying 'Colgate's' when you buy a shaving preparation. Just try Colgate's Stick for your shave to-morrow morning.

Packed in handsome rust-proof nickelled box, most convenient for officers' kits, and always ready for use.



COUPON. Dept. U. 3/15/16

I enclose 3d. in stamps to defray cost of packing and postage of a trial size of Colgate's Shaving Stick

Name.....

Address

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

If you wish a trial size—enough for a month's use—use the coupon.

COLGATE & CO.,
46, Holborn Viaduct,
London. Estd 1806
Makers of the famous
Ribbon Dental Cream

Keep your Liver right for the Keen Eye of Perfect Health

The man with a liver in good, active condition is always cheerful and jolly. Leave low spirits to the sufferer from biliousness, dizziness, sick headache, and upset stomach.

Carter's Little Liver Pills will keep your bowels and liver in good order and your skin clear and free from pimples or blotches.

Pleasant for Children.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

GENUINE must bear signature



Brent Good

COMFORT for the WOUNDED.

The irritation and soreness caused by
BED-SORES, CHAFING, ROUGHNESS OF THE SKIN, &c.,
can be quickly relieved by the application of

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE TOILET POWDER.



SOOTHING and EMOLLIENT. NON-ABSORBENT.
PRESCRIBED BY EMINENT SKIN DOCTORS. Prices from 1/-

Supplied to the Royal Family, European Courts, Nobility and Gentry.

JOHN TAYLOR, MANUFACTURING CHEMIST, 13, BAKER ST., London, W.